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WEAVING SONG.

Run, shuttle, run!
The war has claimed my son;
My daughter's love has wrecked her life;
The palsy smitten my good wife:
Run, shuttle, run!

Fly, shuttle, fly!
Nor bread nor gold have I:
My daughter's babe will hungry be;
A coffin black will compass me:
Fly, shuttle, fly!

Stay, shuttle, stay!
My breast aches so today;
The wind is cold; frost hides the panes;
No ember burns; the darkness gains:
Stay, shuttle, stay!

—Carmen Sylva.

"DO UNTO OTHERS."

Silas Marvin was never so well pleased with a sermon as when he felt that the pastor was giving some delinquent members of the church a "rub." He possessed the faculty of following the good man's well directed shafts straight into the right pew, which, curiously enough, never happened to be his own. He prided himself on his powers in this direction. It was to him a source of never failing satisfaction. One Sunday morning the minister took this passage of Scripture for his text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

"The preacher led it off pretty plain to them 'at ain't livin up t' the notch. D' you notice how ol' Reed squirmed?" said Silas, as he drove home with his wife after the service.

Mrs. Marvin's answer was slow in coming. It was preceded by the faintest suggestion of a sigh.

"I wasn't thinkin o' him," she said.

"A capital sermint," Silas went on; "I shouldn't wonder if it sets more'n ol' Reed 't thinkin'."

During the long afternoon Silas sat on the shady piazza looking out over the fields of ripening corn. An open book, not a line of which he had read, lay beside him. He raised his hand and brought it down on his leg with a resounding slap.

"Six—ty-nine."

His wife came hurrying to the door. "What is 't? Y'u didn't leave y'ur specs in church, did y'u?"

As Silas seemed disposed to pay no attention to her inquiry, Mrs. Marvin turned away.

The cows came lowing up the lane. The birds twittered in the pine trees beyond the garden.

"Tell Jake t' see t' the chores. I guess I'll go t' bed; I don't feel just right," said Silas.

So to bed he went, though it lacked a good two hours of his usual time.

He tossed about the greater part of the night. Finally he got up, and groping his way to a chair seated himself in it.

"It's brought me up standin, but I'm goin to look the thing square in th' face," said he in a hoarse whisper.

His wife raised herself on her elbow.

"Are y'u out o' y'ur head, Sile, or what on earth is the matter?"

"Mither, y'u go t' sleep. My head's all right. I'll resk that."

"Is it y'ur rheumatiz?"

"Rheumatiz, nothin!"

Mrs. Marvin said no more. Silas dressed himself and went down to walk back and forth in the bean patch. Next morning he abruptly broke the silence of the breakfast table by saying:

"'Bout out o' flour, ain't y'u? I'll throw a grist aboard 'n go t' mill."

"If anything'll scatter these notions," said Silas to himself, as he drove off, "it'll be the noise o' th' grindin. I don't mind th' tex' so much—I ain't a man t' shirk th' work my hands fin t' do, when I see it afore me. What's th' trouble wi' me is that other passage at th' tex' is all time bringin up—'except ye forgive men their trespasses.' He's never asked me t' forgive him—none of 'em ever has."

Silas gave his horses a sharp cut with the whip, and the surprised creatures bounded into a trot. Down came the whip again.

"Ther's jus' this much about it," said he, when he had replaced the whip in its socket and settled himself in his seat, "I'm in th' right of 't, all fair 'n square, or I'm in th' wrong."

The horses fell into their accustomed gait, and Silas drove on with bowed head and troubled brow. In this attitude he sat for some time in the mill while his grist was being ground, then got up and went outside.

"What's got into the ol' mill's click clock?" said he, as he gave his hat a pull over his ears. The rattling machinery had dinned these words into his brain through his sense of hearing: "Do unto others—do unto others—do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

He climbed into his wagon, received his grist, and drove off at a smart pace. And now the admonitory words came clattering from his trace chains:

"Do unto others—do unto others—do unto others as you would that they should do to you!"

They went jingling and rattling down a long hill, at the foot of which a sudden "Whoa!" brought horses and wagon to a standstill. Wheeling about, Silas turned into a crossroad and took his way to a farmhouse, in front of which was a young girl hoeing a double row of cabbages.

"Good morning, Libbie."

On being thus accosted by Silas the girl looked up, turned red in the face and acted as if about to beat a retreat. She seemed surprised, confused, even angry.

"Libbie, come, go home along wi' me; I've come t' git y'u."

"Uncle Silas, do you mean it?"

"That's what I do, 'n' I'm goin t' take Kate, too. Your minds won't mind."

"I think she'll be glad. I was only helping for my keep till I could find a place."

With Libbie's poor box among the bags in the back of the wagon, and Libbie herself in the seat beside him, Silas repaired to another farmhouse, where Kate, the youngest sister, made herself so useful that it was not until he had agreed to send a stronger girl to take her place that the woman, whose drudge she had been, would consent to her leaving. They went their way homeward in silence.

At length they came to a creek, and Silas got out to loosen the checkreins that the horses might drink.

"What does it mean?" whispered Kate to her sister.

"I do not know"—the answer came doubtfully and tremulously—"but I've been thinking that perhaps poor papa is"—

"Not dead?" Kate clutched the other's arm in a viselike grip. "You can't think he is dead! I'm going to ask him."

"Uncle," as Silas climbed in over the wheel, "is anything the matter with papa? Is he dead?"

Silas gave her a startled look.

"Dead! Why, child, have y'u heerd he was any worse?"

Much relieved, Kate hastened to assure him that they had heard nothing, adding, "But we thought that might be it."

Having deposited both girls and grist on the piazza, Silas led the horses away to the stable, saying as he went out:

"Go right in, girls, 'n' give y'ur aunt a surprise. She'll be glad enough t' see y'u!"

He could have taken care of his team and been back to the house in fifteen or twenty minutes, but more than an hour went by before he made his appearance here.

As he afterward said, he had no sooner got away from his nieces than he was "put through an overhaulin of himself." He had given way—had done what he vowed he would never do. He had yielded to what he had believed to be the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Yet now when he should have the consciousness of having performed a duty, he felt that he had but suffered his imagination to guide him, and that, in consequence, he had committed an act of folly. Of course he would be laughed at for a man of weak and variable mind. He told himself that he deserved to be.

He crept into the mow and threw himself at full length on the new hay. His blood was in a ferment. Drops of sweat stood out on his forehead like beads.

"It's well I come t' my senses afore I meddled wi' him—mis'able critter 't could never learn the worth 'f a dollar!"

Down by the pond the geese gabbled; a hen with her brood perched about the open door; swallows twittered in their nests under the eaves, but Silas was too deep in troubled thought to heed the familiar sounds.

The sun climbed higher and poured his beams from midheaven. A ray of sunlight streamed in through a chink in the gable and stretched across the hay at his feet. There his eye caught it, and following it, his thoughts took a turn.

Upward, upward, past the roof barrier, past the sun itself, they reached forth toward the Infinite.

Light that was not of the sun broke upon his soul and irradiated his face.

He clambered down and went to the house. Outside were the two girls making the acquaintance of Tige, the house dog.

"Girls, come 'n give y'ur ugly ol uncle a kiss."

One glance into the eyes beaming in real kindness upon them, and they bounded into his arms.

"Well, I neverl This mornin I hadn't a chil, 'n now I've got a pair o' girls s' big 'n strong they're liable t' hug th' breath out o' me!"

Silas found his wife busy with preparations for dinner. She came and laid a hand on his arm, smiling through tears.

"I'm so glad y'u've done what's right by John's chil'ren," she said.

"Tut!" said Silas, "it's no credit. I'd ought t' done it long ago. Git ready a big chair 'n some quilts. After dinner I'm going t' fetch y'ur brother John himself."

"Oh, Sile, d' y'u think you can? He didn't use you right, 'al'ow."

"I ain't goin' t' think whether I can or not. I'm a-goin after him!"

It was with a feeling akin to remorse that Silas, accompanied by Jake, the farm hand, drew rein before a cluster of buildings of cheerless aspect, and looked about for a convenient hitching place.

Against the only post available for that purpose, a strange creature, a combination of old man and beardless boy, sat mumbling over a half devoured turnip and leering at them from under a frayed hat brim.

"Deliver me from the poorhouse, if that's what it does!" said Jake, with unction.

"Comin to 't wouldn't make y'u a'r me an idiot like that fellow," said Silas.

"It would make us like that though," Jake pointed as he spoke to a man seated under a shed attached to one of the buildings. The man, who was dressed in a suit of faded denims, was so thin in flesh as to appear literally but a skin and bones. He sat, or rather leaned back, as if too weak to hold himself upright, in a rickety, high backed chair. His thin hands moved slowly, tremblingly back and forth. He was sewing carpet rags from a basket by his side.

Silas got out of the wagon, and going straight up to the man, held out his hand.

"John, how d' do?"

A quick flush overswept the man's leaden face.

"I'm only tolerable," said he, taking no notice of the extended hand.

"I've come to as' y'u t' drop th' difficulty between us out o' y'ur mind, 'n' I'll drop it out o' mine," said Silas, battling with a lump in his throat.

The man's face softened somewhat.

"After all," said he, "in the start I was most to blame."

"An I've been mos' t' blame ever since. I humbly ask y'ur pardon for all I've done t' y'u 'at was mean 'n ugly."

As Silas said this he again held out his hand. The consumptive caught it to his bosom. A convulsive tremor shook his frame. Tears were coursing down his wasted cheeks, but Silas appeared not to see them. Very likely he did not, for his own eyes were ready to overflow.

"Now, John, d' y'u see that big chair? Sarah's expectin y'u t' supper."

"Sarah is expecting me—to supper?"

"Yes, 'n breakfast 'n dinner 'n supper tomorrow. I'm goin t' take y'u 'way from here for good!"

They got him into the wagon and took him home.

"Can't we manage to let the girls know?" John asked while they were on the way; "they'll be so glad to hear I've got away from that place."

The reply of Silas was assuring, though noncommittal.

"They're goin to know 'bout it," said he.

When they came in sight of the house Mrs. Marvin, who had been for an hour on the lookout, called her nieces.

"Your uncle 'n' Jake are back. Who's that in the chair behind?"

"It looks like—oh, can it be? It is, it surely is, papa!"

Then all three ran out to give welcome; the girls to a father whom want and sickness had driven to the poorhouse; the woman to a brother from whom she had long been separated through a quarrel in which she had no part.

"Silas kept the best for the last," said John, as his children led him to the house, one by each hand. "May he never regret what he has done."

"He'll regret nothin," that individual said, as he walked after his wife, carrying the wraps, "but that I didn't know th' blessedness o' forgivin 'n' being forgiven many a long day ago."—Adeline F. Story in Boston True Flag.

The Ears of Criminals.

Large flat ears standing out prominently from the head are strongly characteristic of the criminal type. Such aural appendages bear a certain resemblance to those of apes, and the observation has been made that this organ is among the first which exhibit a tendency to degenerate in man.—Washington Star.

She Read the Signs.

Miss Mabel—And you're recently from college, Mr. Peters?

Mr. Peters—Why, how did you know that?

Miss Mabel—Oh, I noticed your society pin on the lapel of your coat.—New York Times.

TRIALS OF THE SUMMONS SERVER.

Some of the Many Tricks Practiced to Avoid an Interview with Him.

"Stop! stop! stop!" shouted a stout man as he ran toward a Sixth avenue surface car near Fiftieth street the other day. The conductor pulled the bellrope, the car stopped and the man came up puffing and climbed on board. He went inside the car, walked up to a nicely dressed passenger in the front end of the car and thrust a bundle of papers in his lap.

"There," the fat man exclaimed with considerable warmth, "I've been looking for you for three days, and I saw you sneak around the corner out of the back door just in time. That's a summons and complaint in a suit for divorce brought by your wife, and an order requiring you to show cause why you should not pay her alimony."

The passenger took the papers and stuffed them in his inside coat pocket, but he did not deign to reply to the summons server. The thick set man then walked out of the car, had a quarrel with the conductor about the question of whether he ought to pay fare or not, and then got off at the next corner.

This little incident only serves to illustrate the trials of the men who serve summonses in all sorts of lawsuits. For those who are unfamiliar with law terms it might be well to explain that the summons is the opening paper in all lawsuits. The complaint usually goes with the summons, but not always. The summons informs the defendant that a suit has been begun against him and commands him to come to court and defend it, or a judgment will be taken against him by default. The summons in cases where the suit is brought against a person who is in the state must be served upon the defendant personally, unless the court otherwise orders.

The defendant often has good reasons for wishing to avoid the summons server, and if he is sharp he causes him much trouble. To the server's repeated inquiries at the defendant's house he is told that Mr. Defendant is not in. After the server has chased his man for a week up town and down town, at his private office, his club and his home, and is still unable to catch him, service is accomplished in another way.

The server makes a voluminous affidavit, in which he describes in much detail the efforts he has made to serve the summons upon the defendant. He takes this affidavit to a judge in the court in which the suit is brought, and if his honor is satisfied that the server has used "due diligence" in trying to serve the summons he issues an order for a substituted service of the summons. After this order is issued the defendant gets up some fine morning and discovers a bundle of papers tied to the front doorknob.

Alas! the majesty of the law has been too cute for him, and now he has on his hands one of those costly if not luxurious things, a lawsuit.—New York Tribune.

Lady Hester Stanhope.

It would be hard to find a more typical example of the wayward, strong natured and imperious Englishwoman than Lady Hester Stanhope, the niece of William Pitt. She was her uncle's constant companion during the various crises of his government; and it was to her that, after Austerlitz, when he lay on his deathbed and despair for the western world in its efforts against Bonaparte the conqueror filled his soul, he cried, with that historic cry, "Roll up the map of Europe!"

Well, Pitt died, and Lady Hester's vocation of politician was gone. She went to the east, and there in Palestine she soon gained the veneration, almost, indeed, the worship of the people. They held her for a prophetess, and she did not bring the word into disrepute. When Kinglake paid her a visit in the Lebanon she was sixty years old, with a face "of the most astonishing whiteness." Further, "she wore a very large turban, made seemingly of pale Cashmere shawls, and so disposed as to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery on her lap, was a mass of white linen, loosely folding," and her legs were in loose eastern trousers.

She ruled the villagers on her estate as despotically as a pasha, and even in old age showed the same strength of will which in her youth had made her famous as a breaker of unruly horses in her natal district of Somersetshire.—All the Year Round.

The Transmission of Physical Defects.

Color blindness is a condition which is certainly capable of transmission to the progeny. In one family the males alone were affected through seven generations. Deafmutism is likewise handed down from parent to child, while it has been clearly ascertained that the chances of the children being deaf is almost seven times greater when both parents are affected than when only one exhibits the ailment. More curious still, perhaps, are those cases in which we find what has been called the hemorrhagic (or bleeding) habit transmitted for generations. Here, owing probably to some structural weakness in the blood vessels, bleeding, even of a slight character, is with difficulty arrested.

As regards the appearance of this condition in the offspring, it may be added that in one case which was thoroughly investigated three out of four males exhibited this condition in one generation, thirteen out of fourteen males showed this constitution in the next, while only one out of nine males was affected in the third. Doubtless the tendency to bleeding was dying out in the third generation, but that fact does not in the least invalidate the conclusions to be drawn from the actual transmission of the malady in the preceding generations.—Dr. Andrew Wilson in Harper's.

Millions from African Mines.

By calculation of the amount of the diamond bearing ground removed from each of the four big south Africans mines—the Kimberley, De Beers, Du Toits Pan and Bultfontein, to date, and from the known average yield per ton in each, it is found that not less than 33,000,000 carats of diamonds (or more than 6½ tons weight) have been extracted from the four mines, realizing over £40,000,000 or about $200,000,000. This enormous quantity of gems have gone to swell the world's supply for the purposes of luxury in taste, primarily, and a small proportion for use in the mechanical arts and for scientific needs.

To the great Kimberley mine, however, belongs the palm of wealth, and an account of fortunes made by its owners would read like a romance of the "Arabian Nights."—Engineering Magazine.

Aluminum and Steel.

The addition of aluminum to molten steel before pouring an ingot has been found to render the metal perfectly sound when cast. The action seems to be entirely chemical, and is about twenty times more powerful than that of silicon. The amount used is from four to eight ounces a ton, and when used manganese can be dispensed with.—New York Times.

A MISSOURI SNAKE STORY.

Terrible Adventure of a Traveling Man in the Woods of De Kalb County.

A traveling salesman who is in the employ of an eastern medicine firm has had an experience that he will not soon forget. He was driving along in the timber which skirts Grindstone creek in the eastern part of the county. The warm weather had made him drowsy and he had fallen into a doze, when his team suddenly stopped and snorted, as if in fear. He was awake in a moment and looked to see what excited his team. He could see nothing except a large log that was lying across the road ahead of him some thirty or forty yards. He urged his team forward, but the animals refused to move and showed that they were thoroughly frightened. He was puzzled.

Finally he became suspicious that probably some men were lying behind the log waiting for him to drive up, when they would rob him. Getting out of his vehicle he turned his team around in the road and securely fastened them. Then taking from under the seat a heavy revolver he advanced toward the log, expecting each moment to see a gun pointed at him. But he kept on advancing until he was close enough to look over the log and see that there was nothing to fear. The peculiar appearance of the log attracted his attention, and stepping up he put out his hand to feel the bark.

Horror of horrors! The supposed log was nothing else than a monstrous snake. Springing back some twenty steps he fired upon the reptile. The ball struck it and glanced off and went whizzing through the leaves. With an unearthly hiss the serpent dashed off through the weeds and underbrush with a rapidity and roar that could have been heard at a considerable distance. In its maddened speed it broke off bushes as thick as a man's wrist, and as it dashed through the creek the water went churning and boiling into the air as if sent up by a cyclone.

The medicine man stood awestruck for awhile, but finally recovering his sense, he began to investigate matters for his own satisfaction. He concluded from what he could see that the reptile must have been not less than twenty-five feet long and as large around the body as an ordinary sack of flower. The color was of an ashen hue, with a slight mixture of green. Near the place where the head of the reptile lay the medicine man found a short pencil and a small piece of paper, on which was scrawled something that could not be read.

The supposition prevails that this monster caught and swallowed some unfortunate person, and that while the reptile was covering him with slime (as all serpents do) preparatory to the act of deglutition the poor victim tried to write upon the slip of paper the awful fate that befell him. Our informant stated it was the most thrilling and exciting episode in his life, and that he would not repeat it again for all of De Kalb county.—Maysville (Mo) Herald.

An Interesting Case of Telepathy.

A young married lady related to me the following remarkable experience of this kind: Shortly after her marriage she had accompanied her husband to India. It was toward the end of the mutiny, and she was separated from him—he being about forty miles away, and, as she believed, in great personal danger. For the first time in her young life she was left alone. One night, on retiring to rest, feeling far from well, depressed, too, by the sense of loneliness and by anxiety on her husband's account, she "could not help crying," and fell, as she thought, into a troubled sleep.

She dreamed or fancied that an elderly gentleman who had shown them much kindness on their first arrival in India, but was then residing at a considerable distance, entered her room, and approaching the bed said, "My dear child, I know well what you are suffering, and, believe me, I feel deeply for you," and that he stooped down and kissed her. Though quite aware, she said, that it was merely a vision, she felt greatly consoled.

The mutiny ended, she was with her husband in Calcutta at an evening party, at which she met their friend. He expressed his pleasure at seeing her again after a long interval. "It is not so long," she replied, "since I saw you," and she described the vision. With expressions of the utmost astonishment, he declared that he himself had had a similar vision, or rather dream. "I dreamed that I saw you crying and tried to console you and kissed you."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Japanese Flirtation.

"The Japanese are nothing if not progressive," said L. J. Bruce, who has returned from the orient. "American customs are coming into vogue over there, and even our methods of courtship, with some slight modifications, becoming popular. The Japanese maiden is exceedingly coy, and it is difficult for a foreigner to gain an entrance to society, but flirtations are by no means uncommon.

"How? Well, if a young man sees a pretty Japanese girl on the street he may follow her at a respectful distance. Presently he will meet an elderly woman, to whom he must impart the information that he has lost his heart and is miserable. The old woman will ask what has become of his heart, and he must point out the girl, at the same time slipping a quarter in the former's hand. She will disappear, and in a few moments return with information that if he will be at a certain fashionable tea house on the following day he may recover his heart. The pretty maiden will appear with a chaperon, and the young man is at liberty to address her. She will probably meet him often in this way, but always with a protectress, whose vigilance is never relaxed. If the aspiring youth is circumspect he may eventually call, and so gradually work his way into society."—San Francisco Call.

Eel's Eggs.

Every now and then some one applies to the fish commission at Washington for a consignment of eels' eggs wherewith to stock a pond or stream. The request is invariably refused, not because there is any intention to be disobliging, but for the reason that nobody in this world knows whether eels lay eggs or not. If they do, man has never beheld them, and to get hold of any is quite out of the question. In case you want to establish eels in your water preserves, you can buy young ones by the pailful at a cheap rate, and they will grow big enough to eat or send to the market within three years.—New York Sun.

Watch a Man's Hat.

Did you ever notice how the temperament of a man is indicated by the manner in which he takes off his hat to the ladies on the street? A man of showy nature and not worth his salt will give the air such a dig that you can hear the air rush into the vacuum. A busy man will but touch his hat or take it a small ways from his head. The polite man will first bow and raise his hat in a genteel manner.—Cape May Wave.

Recognized the Trousers.

Mr. William Van Twiddles has had a shock. He is a very young man about town, has been at large less than a year, but already is convinced of the vanity of most things in life. His tailor is responsible for most of it. This artist in clothing is an autocrat, and young men about town stand awed before him. His manner toward them is regulated by a graduated scale of deportment extending from frigid lack of recognition to extreme cordiality, according to the age and worldly experience they have attained.

When Mr. Van Twiddles left college he hired this tailor to make him a morning suit of an exclusive pattern. For a few mornings, as he walked past the autocrat's shop, he rejoiced in the progress he was making in the latter's recognition. The great man smiled and nodded. Next afternoon the tailor gave him a cold stare of unrecognition. Van Twiddles passed a bad night, and next morning, dressing himself carefully, his tailor bowed so pleasantly that the young man was moved to make a day of it at Manhattan Beach. That afternoon, having changed his suit, he strolled down the street and nodded to the great man and smiled. Only a stony glare in return.

That was a bad night for Van Twiddles. Next morning, determined to fathom the mystery, he stopped at his tailor's and was greeted hilariously, to his amazement.

"It's very strange," said Van Twiddles, "that you recognize me only now and then when I pass the store. It's very strange."

Van Twiddles was arrayed in the autocrat's morning suit of the exclusive pattern, which he had worn every morning for a week past.

"I don't remember faces very well," said the great tailor, "but I'd know them pants anywhere."—New York Recorder.

A Story of Lord Dudley.

The habit of thinking aloud was a peculiarity of one of the earls of Dudley, and of this an amusing anecdote is told.

Lord Dudley, being invited to the house of a friend, had ordered his carriage at an early hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived.

One of his guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who had up to that moment maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice:

"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly, but the worst is, I suppose, I must ask him to dinner."

He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed:

"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he himself had provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness, and from that night the travelers became inseparable friends.—Sheffield Telegraph.

The Tyroler.

Slow, however, and almost imperceptible is the general progress of civilization, verifying the saying that "a Tyroler first knows what he is about when he is forty." He is active in his fields, plowing, moving, sowing, hoeing, reaping and sluicing his meadows with the bounteous, never failing waters from the hills. There, however, his activity ceases. All the rest is a charming stagnation, for he does not much hoe or plow the soil of his intellect, so it remains fallow ground. He seems to have neither mundane ideas nor views, and one is apt to doubt whether he thinks at all, but simply moves on mechanically in the old grooves.

He plows with the same rude wooden plow, uses a harrow with wooden teeth, thrashes by hand instead of by machinery, and as to steam, it may, employed by railroad companies, invade the chief arteries of the land, but not his barn. He sows and plants by hand. You may assure him that drills would save half his seed corn and three times his labor. He listens as if admiringly, but he sows by hand all the same.

Drills, scufflers, mowing or reaping machines are left to more go ahead nations, who live, he says, on flat lands. He mows and reaps as his father did, and who, he supposes knew what he was about. His rotatory crops are precisely the same as his great-grandfather used and sowed. Rye, the chief crop, a little wheat, a patch of buckwheat, only grown in England for the pheasants, poppies, not for opium but for their seed as a condiment to Tyrolese pastry, and a plot of maize; these figure as the indispensable growths. His bread he seasons with his beloved kummel, that is, cumminseed, which he gathers out of his meadows before the hay is cut. He eats the same dishes as his progenitors did a thousand years ago.—Good Words.

Wonders Wrought by Pressure.

The enormous depth of the great Comstock mines in Nevada and the gigantic and incomprehensible weight of the mass of stones and earth resting upon the timbers (which actually hold up the mountains that have literally been honeycombed by the miners), have wrought wonders which puzzle the deepest thinkers. For instance, queer polished sticks, as smooth as dressed mahogany and not thicker than your wrist, are often taken out of deserted portions of the mines. They are as hard and as heavy as iron, and a knife of the best material will not make a scratch on them. Do you have any idea what they are? Drill cores, you think, but they are not.

Originally they were solid oak timbers 12 by 12 inches square. But why are they no thicker than a walking stick upon removal after having seen years of service? The weight of the mountain bearing upon them from all directions, perpendicularly as well as laterally (for it is only in this way that mines of enormous depth can be safely timbered) has wrought the wonders seen in the polished stick. Sometimes these transformed timbers are found in small sections, sometimes in long pieces, and are taken out where cave-ins have occurred and displaced the workings.—St. Louis Republic.

The Starry Heavens.

One may look at the heavens and attempt to take in the awful mystery till the brain reels. We laugh at the early ignorance of mankind, who thought the sky was an ingeniously constructed vault, and, what we know, as stars were but holes cut into it through which the glory of heaven shone. But how much more do we know today? We know they are solid, substantial "structures" like this earth of ours, but the more powerful we make our telescopes the more we find, and we are left to imagination to conceive the end, and when we ask is there an end to this great mass of worlds we can only answer, "we do not know." We cannot understand how there can be any limit, because that would imply endless space in which there is nothing, and it is equally difficult to conceive that the systems of worlds can go on as we see them "worlds without end."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ventilated Shoes.

An ingenious Philadelphian, who was formerly an Australian, has patented a shoe with ventilated soles. The valves in the shoe are made on the same principle as the tricuspid valves of the heart, which allow air to enter freely, but close tightly against anything in fluid form. These shoes, the inventor claims, are good in more senses than in one. Not only will they keep the feet cool, he says, but they will also prevent corns, and will remove the objectionable odor caused at the same time.—Philadelphia Record.

He Saved His Clothes.

While a large party, among whom was an elderly Scotch professor, was shooting on the moors in Perthshire it suddenly began to rain. There was no shelter in the neighborhood, and the sportsman made the best of their misfortune by sitting down and getting drenched. But the professor, as soon as the shower began, wandered off, and was not seen during the hour the rain fell. When it ceased he reappeared, and to every one's surprise there was not a drop of rain on his clothes.

The wet sportsmen were annoyed as well as surprised, thinking he had discovered a place of shelter. But the professor was reticent, and it was with difficulty that at last they persuaded him to tell how he had managed to keep dry. "Directly the rain came on," said he, "I stripped and sat on my clothes till it ceased."—San Francisco Argonaut.

EACH A MILLIONAIRE.

A QUAINT VILLAGE IN PENNSYLVANIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

There Would Be a Fortune for Every Inhabitant of the Settlement if the Common Property Were Divided—A Story of Peaceful Life—Co-operation.

About one hour's ride from Allegheny on the Fort Wayne road, near Beaver, known by the very suggestive name of Economy, is a quaint village founded in 1805 by a company of several hundred Germans, half of whom landed at Philadelphia. They were brought over at the instigation of one Herr Rapp, who had preceded his religious followers to look up a suitable settlement. Five hundred of the beautiful and productive acres upon which these Economites then settled, upon which the remaining number, only about forty souls now, still abide, were at that time purchased from the grandfather of James G. Blaine.

The town has one of the loveliest situations imaginable. It begins on the very edge of a bluff overlooking the Ohio river. The streets are at right angles with the river's course, and prettily bordered with shade trees, back of which sit the prim houses, commonly minus a front door, and so spaced that each household has its own kitchen garden. Another peculiarity of these houses is a singular decoration of grapevines, which are trained to espaliers so as to cover the space between the tops of the lower windows and the bottoms of the upper windows. The vines grow in vandykes, and you have no idea how oddly pretty is such an arrangement.

FORTY MILLIONS INVESTED.

Your quiet here will not be disturbed by so much as the ring of a doorbell, nor by any sound more startling than the Sunday like crow of the finely bred and very numerous rooster, which has the full freedom of the hamlet, or, maybap, by the rumble of the distant train or the puff of the locomotive under the bluff. Economy might fitly be called the silent village. The now deserted factories and breweries attest that once this was a busy, and, in consequence, a noisy place. This in early days, when the society numbered hundreds. A Rip Van Winkle lethargy has fallen upon the place now. As you walk the silent, well kept streets you will likely meet only an occasional little old man in a light blue jacket and tall broad brimmed hat, quite suggestive of that worn by our Quakers.

Or perchance one of the homelike dames may be abroad in Norman cap and stuff gown. If so, their surprise upon meeting you, a stranger, and so differently dressed, will not cause them to forget the courteous "good day" they religiously give you. There is nothing in the manner or appearance of these uncommon people to give you a suspicion of millions, yet in the language of the street "that is the size of it."

Forty millions on the co-operative plan; in land, gas, oil and railroad and bank stocks. Only about forty members in the society at present, the majority having reached and several having passed the threescore-and-ten limit. And what eventually is to become of the millions? The very question I asked, and was told "The Lord would take care of that."

You can spend your time uniquely here, seeing things of interest to be found nowhere else. Your patronage is not solicited and your presence not particularly desirable. Yet, if you are sweetly persuasive, you can find accommodations at the one hotel, which, like the one store, belongs to the society, and is not run for money. The town really prefers to be left alone. The hotel, before railroad days, was the favorite stopping place on one of the main stage routes out of Pittsburg.

REAL CHARITY.

If you are too poor to pay as you go, you are as welcome as if a millionaire, and both bed and board are yours "without money and without price." If you are a tramp you will find an annex hotel kept up on purpose for your brotherhood, where you will meet travelers from all points of the terrestrial compass. To the inquiry, "How do you know these are worthy ones?" you will be answered, "We don't know. But that makes no difference. Better feed a dozen unworthy men than refuse a deserving one." How's that for real charity?

Their hospitality is on a very generous scale all the way through. Though not gormandizers, they live well. Their cattle are all blooded, many of them imported from Germany; therefore, the richest cream and sweetest butter are yours, together with fresh vegetables cooked to the queen's taste.

At the co-operative laundry, which, by the way, is supplied with modern machinery, you will see a novel wash day. Each family has this day only once in three weeks, and they go in families, several washing the same day.

At the store supplies are given out as is the wine, simply for the asking. Each one is supposed to have earned all, he can consume. As each labors for all there is no occasion for jealousy or selfishness. There is no room for waste, since there are no opportunities for using more than can be eaten or worn.

CHURCH AND ATTENDANTS.

Your interest will center in the "Big House," or, as I prefer to call it, the Executive Mansion of Economy. In this house live the religious and financial heads of the community—old Father Henrici, the present and third religious leader; young Mr. Duss, the present financial manager and Father Henrici's successor, and several others. Mr. Duss is a scholar and a gentleman in all that those terms imply. His one time wife, by whom he has two children, is beautiful and womanly. These people, aged thirty-two years, respectively, two years ago took the vow of celibacy and became leaders in the order. Several other additions were made about that time, the converts being comparatively young people, and thus the religion gathered an impetus, the first for a number of years.

I should like to devote a column to the quaint little church and the yet more quaint clock in the tower—every bit made right there by home talent. This clock, like the people for whom it tells the hours, is not to be frustrated by any new fangled time in existence, but ticks off the same sun time it was first made to tick.

Entering the church you will be struck with its plainness, and unless you have been living in Quakerdom it will seem odd to you that, though these men and women may live together under one roof, they may not sit together in church or be laid side by side in the churchyard. No luxury anywhere; the more luxury the less religion is the idea. Two organs are played simultaneously during services. The religious head of the society has since the beginning conducted all church and funeral services and remains seated the while. Communion services are conducted only once in a year.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Proper Thing.

Evelina—Come, Chawley, let's go home, now.

Charles—What for? Aren't you enjoying the entertainment?

Evelina—Oh, yes, but it isn't good form to be very much interested in anything. People won't know but we are from the country if we stay until the end.—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OLD TIMES IN TEXAS.

How a Quaker Vigilante Made Friends with Ben Thompson, of Austin.

When John R. Hoxie came to Texas to live twenty years ago one of the first things he did to identify himself with the country was to join a vigilance committee. Mr. Hoxie is reputed to be the largest individual taxpayer in the state. He is several times a millionaire. His ancestors were Quakers. His training was all for peace. But such were the conditions of society in that part of Texas to which he moved from Illinois that he soon found himself at the head of a volunteer organization of his neighbors to enforce morality by vigorous measures.

Mr. Hoxie went down to Galveston to attend a public gathering. A community of 10,000 or 12,000 people was trying to play host to a crowd of 40,000 or 50,000 strangers. Mr. Hoxie was late getting in, and the clerk of the hotel said in a somewhat dubious tone:

"Mr. Hoxie, I'll have to put you in a room with Mr. Thompson, of Austin."

"That's all right, sir," said Mr. Hoxie.

The bell boy led the way up stairs, opened the door and stepped back. Mr. Hoxie entered. A man sprang up in a sitting posture on the bed as suddenly as if he had been on springs, dropped two revolvers one in each hand, upon Mr. Hoxie and gazed.

"Lie down, my friend," said Mr. Hoxie calmly. "I'm not going to trouble you. There's room enough here for both of us."

The man with the pistols apologized, with the remark that he had been suddenly aroused from sleep, and thus the million aire from Illinois made the acquaintance of Ben Thompson, of Austin.

In the morning Mr. Hoxie rose first. He made some noise in getting around the room. In an instant Thompson was up in bed again, with his trusty pistols in hand.

"Oh, lie down and finish your sleep," said Mr. Hoxie. "I could have shot three times while you were getting ready if I'd wanted to."

Mr. Thompson explained that he had been up a good deal recently, and his nerves were unsteady. He hoped that his fellow guest would excuse his bad breaks.

"What you want, my friend," said Mr. Hoxie, soothingly and with Quaker deliberation. "Is a gin cocktail about so high," indicating the tallest glass in use, "with plenty of orange and ice in it."

Mr. Thompson sighed and replied, "I can't get up and dress yet; I'm too shaky."

"Never mind," said the millionaire, and he went down stairs and had the cocktail built under his personal supervision, and carried it back up stairs with his own hands. Mr. Thompson sat up in bed without his pistols this time, and from that day till he died with his boots on in a San Antonio theater he was the friend of the Quaker vigilante.—Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

How Elephants Are Tamed.

In the island of Ceylon the people are very fond of elephant hunting. They begin by clearing an open space near a forest, part of which is strongly fenced in with trunks of trees, with open places for doors. This is called a corral. When so much of the work is done the natives get behind and around the elephants with blazing torches, shaking spears and rattling all kinds of noisy instruments in order to frighten the huge animals while all the time driving them toward the open doors of the corral.

At last with a rush the great herd enters, the entrances are barred, and the poor giants of the woods find themselves hopelessly imprisoned. An elephant's rage is dreadful to witness, but the ingenuity of man has found a way of subduing it. One by one each prisoner is freed again, and tame elephants, remarkable for their sagacity, come up to him, stroke him with their trunks and otherwise cajole him until they lead him on to a good, strong tree. The natives creep up behind, and in a minute a rope with a running knot is around the elephant's leg and made fast to a tree.

All the time this is going on the tame elephants are humoring their deluded victim, but as soon as he is secured they go away and leave him, which is a shabby trick. Then the men bring him nice cocoanuts and leaves to eat, which, of course, he refuses, as he is again in a great passion and struggling to be free. But hunger subdues even the fiercest, and at last his wild roaring ceases to resound through the woods and he is forced to eat.

From that time the taming process is comparatively easy; again and again he is fed, as he requires it, by a kind hand; and the elephant, susceptible to kindness, becomes at last a docile servant of the man.—Boston Courier.

Books to Read in a Hammock.

Some people never take books to the country with them. They either feel no need for the strength or relaxation they might gain from reading, or they rely upon chance for their mental pabulum. Few are the readers who carry with them anything but the lightest of summer novels—books that can be thrown away without regret when finished.

Perhaps it is too much to ask that any one not a student should expend much energy in hot weather upon mental improvement. Yet it does seem as though something better might be read than the mer

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

One Dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1891.

For Auditor General,
DAVID McM. GREGG, of Reading.

For State Treasurer,
JOHN W. MORRISON, of Pittsburgh.

FIRE DEPARTMENT NEEDS.

In a town constructed mainly of frame buildings, adequate protection against fire is of the utmost importance. Some few citizens of the town are continually opposing expenditures by the Borough Council for this purpose, and now that the question of repairing the steamer of Engine Company, No. 1 is before Council, there are a few to be found who decry any appropriation for that purpose, saying that the plug streams have alone sufficient force to make them effective.

While this may be so in some seasons of the year it would be as well for these penny-wise and pound-foolish persons to consider that in winter, water mains sometimes burst and plugs become frozen in which event a steamer is a most necessary means of obtaining water from the canal, river and sometimes a well. Council will repair the boiler of the engine and will do right in so doing.

The combustable property in the borough renders justifiable any necessary expense for the protection of the same. And now, while public attention has been directed toward the question of adequate protection against fire, there is another matter which deserves the consideration of Council. There should be a chief engineer—a competent fireman by the way—appointed by the Council, who should be clothed with sufficient authority to direct and control the services of the fire department when a conflagration is in progress. He should be responsible for the proper care of the borough's property under control of the fire companies, and should be given all such authority as would be necessary for the proper execution of his duty.

This is a suggestion that should commend itself to the property-holders of the borough who are likely at any time to need the services of the fire department.

HOW IT WORKS.

Under the above caption, the New York Press has the following to say about the working of the McKinley tariff bill:

"The Republican tariff bill was designed to stimulate American industries by checking imports from competing countries and encourage our own trade with those countries whose products do not compete with ours. Is this new tariff, which has now been in force less than a year, fulfilling expectation? The government statement of foreign commerce just issued shows that we sold to other nations about $8,000,000 worth more of our products in July, 1891, than in July, 1890, and in the same period we bought about $11,000,000 less from other nations."

And yet, in face of these indisputable figures, the Doylestown Democrat and other papers of like political persuasion find cause for grumbling in the falling off of imports. Why, bless your biased Democratic souls, that is what a tariff is for, to enable us to make the goods we need, instead of importing them.

THE terrible accident in Park Place, New York City, demonstrates the fact that the supervision of buildings is not attended to by as large and as vigilant a force of inspectors as the exigencies of the occasion demand. Not only in New York but almost any of the large cities throughout the country afford illustrations of the tendency to evade alike the law and the dictates of common prudence by overcrowding and overloading structures with weighty machinery which slowly, but surely, accomplish the task of weakening the walls only to end in some such disastrous crash as that of Saturday. For the sake of economy, machinery which should be placed on the ground floor is put in the upper portion of a building, and if more stringent regulations are not enforced the disaster of Park Place will not be long without its parallel.

THURSDAY, September 3rd, is the last day for the registration of voters. Republican Committeemen and other active party men should examine the lists at once, and if the names of any Republicans are omitted, they should be notified and requested to register immediately.

THE people of New Hampshire are entitled to lots of credit for the law-abiding manner in which they have restrained from making any effort to do bodily injury to the murderer of Christie Warden. There are few communities where Almy would be safe, and the conduct of the people thereabouts is most commendable.

CONGRESSMAN-Senator "Jack" Robinson, aspirant for the position of the presidency of the State League of Republican clubs and heaven only knows what else, has endeavored to get Congressman Dalzell out of the fight, by promising to withdraw his candidacy for the position if Dalzell will also do so. Congressman Dalzell expresses himself rather ironically upon the subject and makes a caustic reply to Robinson's assertion that his fight is won, that he, (Dalzell) will not enter into an agreement which would deprive Robinson of the position he claims he can win if the fight is allowed to proceed. The suspicion is gaining ground in this vicinity that Robinson is aspiring for too many honors and Dalzell's candidacy has the sympathy and encouragement of all fair-minded Republicans.

The committee on permanent public school teachers' certificates, consisting of H. T. Williams, Sellersville; Miss Margaret J. Moffat, Durham, and A. James Gaymaa, Doylestown, met in Doylestown last week and decided to recommend to the State Department of Public Instruction, Mrs. Kate M. V. Collins, of Eddington, and Miss Louise White, of Fallsington, for permanent certificates.

The severe rain-storm of Monday, caused the streams throughout the county to rise to a great height and much damage was done by the water when it spread beyond its usual natural confines. Point Pleasant came in for a great share of the damage, Fulmer's general merchandise store being carried away, and the county bridge, over Gedde's run, was practically destroyed. Funk's Park, Chalfont, was inundated and many of the small buildings washed away.

Life on a Lightship.

The routine of work on a lightship is quite simple. At sunrise the watch lowers the lights. At 6 a. m. the captain or the mate stands in the doorway leading from the cabin into the berthdeck and shouts, "All hands!" The men tumble out of their bunks and dress, breakfast being served at twenty minutes past 6. At half past 7 the lamps are removed from the lanterns and taken below to be cleaned and filled. In smooth weather this duty can be performed in about two hours, but if the vessel is rolling and pitching the task may be prolonged an hour or two.

When the lamps have been returned to the lanterns there remains nothing for the crew to do except to clean ship and to go on watch until sundown, when the lamps are lighted and the lanterns hoisted. The crew is divided into the captain's watch and the mate's watch of five each. Twice between spring and winter each watch goes ashore for two months, so that each member of the crew is aboard the lightship eight months in the year. It is not believed that they could stand the life longer than this. In fact, many men throw up their work as soon as they can get ashore.

Three members of the South Shoal crew have, however, seen unusually long terms of service—twenty-one, nineteen and seventeen years respectively, and others have served on her a remarkably long time when the desolate character of the service is considered. This is probably due to the fact that the dangers of this exposed station warn off all but those inured to the hardships of a seafaring life. The men who have been there so long are old whalemen, accustomed to voyages of several years' duration and to the perils of a whaleman's life.—Gustav Kobbe in Century.

Made Good Coffins.

Many reminiscences of the early cattle days come over me as we journey along the banks of the Rio Pecos. A curious one to my northern mind was related by a former cattle baron. Those who were fortunate enough to have houses either of stone or adobe in this timberless land never dreamed of using doors or windows, simply leaving the necessary openings in their walls. Our baron was the first to send a hundred miles to the railroad for planks that he might have a door. The lumber arrived, the door was made and placed, but hardly three days had passed before a deputation of cowboys appeared and said that one of their number had been shot and they wanted that door for a coffin. It was freely given.

Again planks were brought across the desert and another door was made. But it was allowed to remain in place only a few weeks, when there came another request for a coffin, which was again granted. A third door was secured and our friend found it necessary thereafter to refuse his door to those in search of coffins, as he did not feel able to supply an unlimited number of doors for the use of all who by fate or accident ended their existence in his vicinity.—Cor. New York World.

Why Dentists Use Gold for Filling.

People seem to wonder why it is that dentists use gold only for the best fillings, and are inclined to believe that it is because they wish to run up the bills. As is well known silver would resist the acids found in the mouth quite as well, and I have been asked at least twenty times why I did not put in silver fillings. If those who are so anxious to cast aspersions on the dentists would only study metallurgy they would find that the reason that we employ only gold is that it is the only metal that will weld while cold. Silver will not do so, nor will anything else. The cohesive properties of perfectly smooth and clear gold are astonishing. If you take a sheet of gold foil and let it fall upon another both will be so firmly joined that it will be impossible to separate them. It is this property that makes gold valuable to dentists, and not the desire to increase bills.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Ancients Swore.

In ancient times it was considered essential to the validity of an oath that the witness should hold something in his hand, or place it upon some object of great sanctity. With the Jews it was the book of the law, which, no doubt, led to the use of the Bible in Christian courts of justice. The Bedouin Arabs have, from the most remote period, used various forms of adjuration. One of these was "By the temple;" another, still in use, is as follows, The person taking the oath takes hold of the middle pole of the tent and swears by the "life" of the tent and its owner. Mohammed swore by the "setting of the stars," a most poetical oath, though hardly so magnificent as the oft quoted adjuration of William the Conqueror, who swore "By the splendor of God."—St. Louis Republic.

Religious Dogs.

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveler who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal time the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed heads. No one stirs until the "Amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.—London Tit-Bits.

The Resources of New Zealand.

Emigrants have gone to New Zealand for the last half century because they were told that they could make a living by farming or keeping sheep, by cottage husbandry, coal or gold mining, or other forms of labor. They have not been disappointed. The resources of the colony are as varied as its scenery, and partly for the same reason. It extends 1,200 miles from the cold south bordering on antarctic seas to the warm north, and thus has every kind of pleasant climate, through all the ranges of temperate and subtropical.

When the native of another country sees its unequaled capabilities for tillage and pasturage his instinctive patriotism makes him almost thankful that it is not any bigger, like the French marshal, whose comment on the British infantry, "the best in the world, sire, but luckily few in number," is so often repeated in England.

If New Zealand were as large as Australia it would supply the English market, and Canada and the United States could hardly be expected to be grateful. Its average yield of wheat is twenty-six bushels to the acre. It is better adapted for raising the best kinds of wool and mutton than even New South Wales, which truthfully boasts of having more sheep per capita than any other country under the sun; but then its runs and paddocks are not so vast, or so capable of indefinite expansion.

The amount of business done by its handful of people—less than two-thirds of a million—is astonishing. For the last few years the exports averaged sixty dollars per head, and for the year ending June 30, 1889, they had increased about eight millions over the previous year. The imports are nearly as large. No wonder that its ports are crowded with shipping.—G. M. Grant, in Harper's.

Parliamentary Headgear in South Africa.

The "high black hat" has turned up as a controversial subject where one would least expect to hear of it—in the volksraad reports. One of the rules of order, it seems, was that members of the house "shall be dressed in black, with a white tie and high black silk hat." Several members were in favor of regulation evening dress, but the silk hat was very much opposed, one honorable gentleman declaring that he had never seen one! Another member sententiously observed that "clothes were not provocative of sense nor of looking after the public interest." Moreover, it was urged that this compulsory dress was "a violation of republican spirit."

We should think so, indeed! Where is the freedom of a republic in which one must observe sumptuary laws? General Smit, however, made a very bold assertion. He declared that these things were done since the days of the Bible; which, if true, gives an antiquity to the most hideous headgear civilized man ever suffered under—greater than Europeans imagined it possessed. Five motions were eventually brought in to expunge the high black hat, and another to throw out the rule altogether; but eventually the article was carried with the silk hat struck out. We trust the dignity of the volksraad will not suffer in consequence.—Whitehall Review

How Do Eels Breed?

It may fairly be said that the eel, as to its breeding, is the most mysterious animal in existence. Its method of propagation has puzzled science for centuries and has been a subject of more or less superstitious speculation among many peoples for thousands of years. The ancient Egyptians had their own theories respecting the matter. Some authorities have contended that eels grew up from horse hairs, which in some strange manner became vitalized. Others have held that they were generated spontaneously from slime, while others still have gravely advanced the belief that they came from the skins of old eels, or even from similar exuviæ of water snakes.

That eels mate with water snakes is very generally accepted as truth. Most popular among people who get their living from the water, however, is the theory that eels are the progeny of various other fishes. The Sardinian fishermen assert that they are produced by a certain kind of water beetle, which for this reason is called "mother of eels." The Greek poets, who fathered all children otherwise unaccounted for upon Jupiter, declared that this god was the progenitor of the eel.—New York Sun.

A Clever Dog.

An engineer employed on the works of the Yverdon and Simplon railway has a little terrier. As he was going away for some time he asked a friend at Yverdon to take charge of his dog. Bijou knew the lady well, and was apparently quite happy and comfortable, but in about a week he disappeared. Mlle. J—— naturally was much distressed, when, to her great relief, she received a letter from Lausanne from M. R——'s mother, saying: "Bijou is with us; he appeared on Monday."

He remained at Lausanne a few days and then returned to Yverdon by train. This he repeated several times, always getting out at the right stations, staying with Mme. R—— occasionally three days. Needless to say, all the officials on the line knew him well. Whether he imagined he would find his master at his mother's house, or whether, like all the rest of the world, he wanted a change, as he could not tell us, I cannot say.—Cor. London Spectator.

Enormous Weight of Side Branches.

Look at the enormous weight of some of the lateral branches. On Rabbit lane, near Germantown, near the residence of Mr. E. S. Miller, are some grand old white oak trees. Some of these have side branches extending horizontally clear across the highway, possibly to fifty feet from the trunk. They must weigh many a hundred pounds. Years ago, when these branches were but a few pounds' weight, even a boy climbing along would have caused them to split from the trunk, and even now a few pounds at the extremity would cause some curving. But when it is left to the growth power alone it can preserve its exact horizontal direction, and for all its enormous weight retains complete adhesion to the trunk. The man who thought if he had a lever long enough he could lift the world, would never find it long enough if it had to grow out of the earth as the branch from a tree.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

*Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar, are easily swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.

A Little Girl's Experience in A Light-house.

Mr. and Mrs Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Light house at Sand Beach, Mich. and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones."—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured They say Dr King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at John K. Young's Drug Store.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles 50c, at John K. Young's Drug Store.

*I HAVE had catarrh for twenty years, and used all kinds of remedies without relief. Mr. Smith druggist, of Little Falls, recommended Ely's Cream Balm. The effect of the first application was magical, it allayed the inflammation and the next morning my head was as clear as a bell. I am convinced its use will effect a permanent cure. It is soothing and pleasant, and I strongly urge its use by all sufferers.—Geo. Terry, Little Falls, N. Y.

Curing Ills with Music.

It is now seriously proposed that a musical guild should be formed in London for the treatment of illness, to be called "The Mission of St. Cecilia." The first instance recorded of music having been tried as a curative agent was when David played the harp to the sick King Saul; and it is chronicled that early in the performance Saul threw his javelin at the young harpist. The guild in question is to be composed of lady vocalists and violinists, a combination in the presence of which even persons in robust health have been known to tremble. One of the rules for the guidance of the proposed guild is that the music shall not be played in the sickroom but in an adjoining chamber. This would be a wise precaution. The performers could make their escape before the irate patient should have time to reach them with his bootjack.—Philadelphia Record.

In a New York Apartment House.

The janitor of our apartment tightened the knot of his scarf, dusted with a silk handkerchief his patent leather gaiters, threw languidly his half smoked Havana cigar into the ash cup of silver, waited courteously for the last echoes of a reverie by Chopin played at the piano by his daughter with sad blue eyes, waited with eloquent silence until madam had raised her head from Crane's "Renascence," and said: "There are signs of a rebellion in my domain. The third story has a nightingale that yells at daybreak, the fifth had visitors until 10:10 last night, and the sixth—May, let me whisper to your mother—had a baby this morning." "Well, dear, warn the third and fifth, but notify the sixth that we shall want the rooms Monday, otherwise this house will quickly become a tenement."—New York Times.

Her Occasional Treat.

At a recent informal gathering of friends at the hospitable residence of a prominent official the conversation turned on the futility of indulging one's anger over trivial annoyances. The hostess, one of Washington's cleverest and most popular social leaders, though somewhat noted for her outspoken manner, was inclined to debate the subject a little and remarked: "Occasionally when I get real angry it's a treat for me to say just what I think."

"That's so," remarked her husband dryly, "and she thinks it her treat pretty often."—Washington Post.

The Invention of Spectacles.

The honor and credit of pointing out the benefit of glasses to aid defective vision belongs to Roger Bacon, who lived from 1214 to 1292. Spectacles were actually invented in the year 1280, the man who conferred this great blessing on suffering humanity being Alexander Spinia, a monk of Pisa, who died in 1313.—St. Louis Republic.

The high price of coal on Mexican railroads has resulted in the adoption of a novel type of compound engine on locomotives. The high pressure cylinder is contained in the low pressure cylinder, and a saving of 25 per cent. in coal is obtained with only a little increase in weight.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, August 24, 1891.

Store closed at one o'clock Saturdays.

Have you noticed how dark grounds with chintz effects are creeping to the front in the newest Cotton Dress Good? Wonderfully rich as the printers pretty them.

Here's one in a Surah weave. Good weight and just the mellow finish that Autumn days suggest. 20 cents.

Another is a "Cotton China." The soft color effects of China Silk on the favorite dark ground. 8 cents.

On either of these you see flowers and leaves or bright spots scattered in an artlessly artful way, as if a zephyr's breath had done it.

First of the Fall printings of Furniture Cretonnes are ready, 12½c. Rich colorings, striking designs.

The meant-to-be price and the fact are far apart in many of the most wanted woolens.

36-inch All-wool Plaid Cheviots, at 37½c. Made to sell at 50c.

36-inch All-wool Cloth Plaids, at 37½c. Made to sell at 50c.

50-inch gray and brown mixed Tricots, at 50c. Made to sell at 65c.

38-inch French Suitings in quiet stripes and checks, at 65c. Imported to sell at 85c.

At 75c and $1, imported Suitings in a great variety of stripes, plaids and checks, at 25 per cent. under value.

One of the little extravagances is to home make Sheets and Pillow Cases in the face of such prices as these:

Muslin, bleached—
Pillow Cases, 18c; heavier, 20c.
Bolster Cases, 31c, heavier, 36c.
Sheets, 2x2½ yds. 50c; heavier, 62c.
Sheets, 2¾x2½ yds. 65c; heavier, 75c.

No odds what sort of Furniture you have in mind the chances are that it's ready for you here with less to pay than you suspect.

The Trunk stock isn't fat at one time and lean at another, full and complete from year's end to year's end.

A good, strong leather covered Trunk, well bound with iron, good lock and hinges, 28 to 36-inch, $5 to $10.
A better quality at $8 to $12. Same sizes.
The best quality Saratoga Trunks, 30 to 36-inch, $14 to $17.
Flat top canvas covered Trunk, from $5 to $14.
Flat top Dress Trunk, $12 to $14.
Very light weight Trunks, leather bound, with brass mountings, $12 to $34.
Basket Trunks, $16.50 to $26.
Steamer Trunks, $3.50 to $10.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

D. H. TAYLOR & SONS,
Turkey Hill Peaches ready for Market.

All persons having taste for fine fruit will do well to call and examine the peaches.
The orchard is near Ford Mill, Penns Manor, or in Falls township.

Miscellaneous

I KNOW THE TIMES ARE HARD—hard for you and hard for me. But don't let your teeth suffer. A few weeks may add dollars to the expense and sensitiveness to the treatment. Caries encroaches insidiously and may devitalize a pulp. Nature is ever changing the edentulous gums, and the mouth will lose its true proportion, thus destroying the symmetry and beauty of the face. "A stitch in time will save nine;" yes, ninety-nine.
DR. G. W. ADAMS,
No. 3, Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.
Gas Administered. Out of office on Second day.

NEVER A FAILURE.

The Red River Valley of
Minnesota and
North Dakota
has
never
had a failure
of crops.
It produced 30,000,000
bushels of wheat
besides other cereals in 1890.
Farms can be had
on the
crop plan, or long time
cash payments.
It is not an uncommon thing
to pay for a farm
from the proceeds of
one crop.
It has all of the advantages
of an old country in
the shape of school, church,
market, postal and railway facilities, and all the chances of
a new country in
the way of
cheap lands, rich soil, and
increase in values.
It is one of the most
fertile and promising
regions in America
not yet fully occupied.
In the rush to the far
west, however,
this rich valley has
been over-looked.
It has room for a
million more people.
Write to
F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn.,
for particulars.
Publications sent free.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

BOOZ & BLACK,
— DEALER IN —
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS.
Your trade is solicited.

"The Brave, the Fearless Book."
HAVE YOU READ
"Confessions of a Nun,"
By Sister Agata.
12 MO. PAPER, 50 CENTS.
1,000 Copies sold in Three Days. For sale by all dealers.
JORDAN BROS., Publishers,
NO. 521 N. NINTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

—OPENING!—
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.
PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, A

Business Opening.
Chas. H. Ancker,
(Formerly with Herrmann)
UPHOLSTERING
—AND—
JOBBING of all Kinds,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Orders by mail receive strict attention.
Next to the Postoffice.

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
REAL ESTATE
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO
You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.
A. Weir Gilkeson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.

An Institution of National Reputation.
Peirce College of Business and Shorthand,
Record Building, Second, Third & Fourth Floors.
917-919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
For years an annual enrolment of more than a thousand students. 1264 students last year. A Faculty of thirty specialists.
Morning, Afternoon and Night Sessions.
Private Classes in German and French.
Fall term begins Monday, August 31. Application in advance necessary. Sittings Limited. Procure descriptive College Annual, etc.
THOMAS MAY PEIRCE, PH. D.
Principal and Founder.
Graduates successfully assisted to positions.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Miscellaneous

STOVES AND TINWARE.
T. B. DOUGLASS,
No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,
Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.
Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.
Metaline Brilliant,
the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.
Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line
Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.
TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY
All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.
THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXisting in Bristol, Pa. between Yost and Stephen has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, N. M. Stephen retiring. J. B. Yost will continue the business at the old stand, No. 31 Mill street.
J. B. YOST
N. M. STEPHEN
Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your kind patronage in the future, I remain respectfully, J. B. YOST.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZABETH PAXSON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County
ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
JAMES BUCKMAN,
S. E. Cor. 8th and Green Streets, Phila.
JOHN COMLY,
S. W. Cor. 15th and Race Sts., Phila.
Executors.
Or ANTHONY SWAIN, Atty. Bristol Borough.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of SETH W. BOOZ, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.
ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
DR. A. S. WILSON, Executor.
J. C. STUCKERT, Attorney.

Bristol Cash Grocery,
No. 57 Walnut Street, between Wood and Pond Streets.
J. CURTIS HOWELL, Proprietor
—A FULL LINE OF—
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit and Vegetables,
PRICES THE LOWEST.
All goods delivered.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.
CONFECTIONERY!
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

W. H. VAN HORN,
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
(Nimon's Old Stand)
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.
Goods Promptly Delivered.

F. H. WEIK,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,
NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE
Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private.
DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
243 North Ninth Street, above Race,
P. O. Box 595 Philadelphia.

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Doylestown, Pa.

Charles Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!
—AND—
Hard Wood Finisher;
Washington St., next to School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

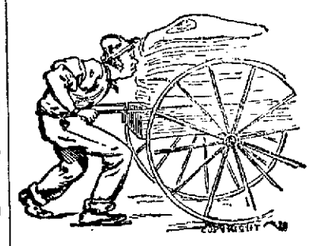
Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness.
WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!
To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published. Established 1862. I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness. The most complete line of the latest designs in Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kion Friz Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Stratoga, Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons, all Russett Finished Buggies, Albocla and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phetons, etc., Russett and Best Harness, White Canvas and English Rush Collars and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles, and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices.
Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money.
JAMES H. BIRCH,
anufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Furniture Repaired!
Having a Practical knowledge of Repairing and Upholstering Furniture, Re-Caning Chairs, Renovating Mattresses, etc., I have opened a
Repair Shop, on Radcliffe St.,
Opposite Silbert House,
Where I will be pleased to have you call and leave your work. Good Work, Low Prices. Repairing of Baby Coaches in a first-class manner.
JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

Miscellaneous

Tullytown Cheap Grocery,
ELMER E. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES at Low Prices.
FLOUR by the cwt. a specialty. Hardware, Binder Twine at Lowest Prices. COAL by the ton or carload, at lowest prices.
GOODS First Quality. PRICES Very Low.
Give me a call and be convinced.
THE FARMER'S STORE.

HOUSEKEEPERS!
I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of
Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,
Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM
$35 UP.
Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.
Lawrence Farrell,
144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.


HARD PUSHING.

It requires "hard pushing" to dispose of poor wares. All sorts of schemes are devised to "palm off" inferior Clothing onto the unwary.
At Yates', corner 13th and Chestnut Sts., schemes are not in vogue—the goods sell themselves. They are gotten up with great care, are superior in every way and still are sold at moderate price.
A. C. YATES & Co.
Now Only Corner 13th and Chestnut Streets.

JOSHUA H. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
LISTERS' Standard Fertilizers. Van Brunt's Fertilizers,
Wm. Deering & Co's Harvesting Machinery,
Mowers and Binders, Hand and Self-Dumping Sulky Rakes, Hay Tedders, Potato Diggers, etc. Binder Twine constantly on hand.
Road Carts, Saddles, Harness, etc. N. Y. Horse Manure by the Car.
Cultivators, Syracuse and South Bend Plows, Plow Extras, Plaster, Ground and Bolted. Apples in Season.
TULLYTOWN, PA.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.
PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.
WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.
The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.
We have been appointed Sales Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the correctness of our measures is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.
When convenient, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.
J. B. YOST, 31 Mill Street.
Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.
THE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER, ELY'S CREAM BALM, 50c

FERGUSON & WESTON,
—OPTICIANS,—
39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

Shortlidge & Shortlidge's Media Academy.
Media, Pa., near Philada.
School Opens Sept. 24th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Circulars Free.
JAMES H. MASON KNOX, D.D., LL.D., President of Lafayette College, writes:—Mr. SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher. The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of his faithfulness and skill as an instructor. I take very great pleasure in commending him and the Media Academy to all who seek a school in which they may be sure of their sons receiving the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation.
CHAS. A. SCHAFFER, Dean of Cornell University, N. Y., writes:—I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition. Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such, I am very sincerely yours.
DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes:—I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania, shows that your school affords every opportunity to those students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade.
REV. JAMES McCOSH, Ex-President of Princeton University, writes:—I have examined with care the course of studies pursued at SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S SCHOOL, at Media, Pa., and I find it to be admirable. Mr. SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of fine boys well prepared.
PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, writes:—You have supplied us with the best possible evidence of the excellence of your school in presenting young men so well fitted, and I hope you will have the professional success which you certainly deserve.

DR. H. D. FENIMORE,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of New York.
Messages sent to 413 High Street, or The Burlington Club Stable, on Union St., back of the Market house, will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 8, Burlington, N. J.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BRISTOL, PA.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.
PERSONS wishing laborers or farm hands can be supplied by calling on
FERDINAND SENECA,
Penn Street, Bristol.

NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS PURCHASED the interest of Roberts & Goodwin in the Lumber business and will hereafter conduct the same, at the old stand, on Otter street, Bristol, under the supervision of Jos. Goodwin, of the old firm.
We shall endeavor to meet the wants of the trade and hope to share your custom by attending to business and selling at the lowest cash prices.
FRED. LEIBFREID.

FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS, THE FLOUR AND FEED Store, Coal Yard, Business Stand and Private Residence, situate Nos. 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 Bath Street, belonging to the estate of Henry M. Wright, deceased, and now occupied by Edward Leedom & Son. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age. The O. L. Van Duzen Nursery Co., Geneva, N. Y.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1891

BRISTOL POST OFFICE

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Close at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 1.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15 A. M., 1.00, 5.00, [illegible] P. M. Close at 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.00, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORT VILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.1[illegible] A. M.

FRILIE OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.30 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.15, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Close at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 4.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 9.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.43, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, *9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12.07, 1.01, *1.34, *2.41, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.41, 5.46, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.19, *10.26, A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, *8.03, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, *8.25, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.2[illegible], *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.30 9.12, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.28, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The season for reed birds opens on Tuesday, September 1st.

—September 3rd is the last day for the registration of voters.

—Albert Switzer is permanently engaged at the office of Sherman & Peirce.

—The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company have established an agency in the office on Radcliffe street, adjoining the Presbyterian church, formerly occupied by Wm. H. Booz.

—America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company will hold its regular monthly meeting, on Tuesday evening, September 1st, at which the nominations of officers for the next year will be made.

—Miss Anna W. Cabeen and sisters have added an advanced department to their school, which has hitherto been devoted mainly to preparatory work. The school will reopen on Tuesday, September 22.

—A carriage containing Mrs. Alfred C. Johnson, nurse and child, was upset and the occupants thrown out and severely bruised by reason of the horses taking fright and running away, on Pond street, near the railroad station, last Saturday.

—As the result of the freshet up the river numerous articles of merchandise such as constitute the stock of a country store, together with furniture, etc., were picked up by Bristol boatmen, as they floated down the stream on Tuesday.

—James Wright, borough treasurer, gives notice in another column that after September 1st all unpaid borough taxes will be placed in the hands of the collector for collection. Persons desiring to save additional costs will settle with Mr. Wright previous to that time.

—A sailboat containing four Philadelphians, was upset in the river, below the Island, on Sunday afternoon, and the occupants treated to a good ducking. The boat was towed ashore and the young men released from their perch on the keel. They sailed home shortly afterward none the worse for their immersion.

—Venango Tighe, an Italian, 22 years of age, who was employed at Landreth's seed farm, was drowned in the river at Laing's wharf, on Saturday morning. He was unable to swim and went into the water to bathe regardless of the remonstrances of his friends who strove to dissuade him from doing so. The body was recovered in a short time and Coroner Brennan notified of the fatality. An inquest was held in the evening, the following jurymen having been impanelled: Thos. Strong, Neil Patton, Capt. Wm. I. Jones, G. Wilkinson, Dennis McBride and John Tynan. After hearing the evidence, which was translated by an interpreter, a verdict of accidental death by drowning was rendered.

—Mrs. Benjamin Groff, who lives on the upper side of Washington street, between Wood and Cedar streets, attempted the foolish feat of filling the resorvoir of the burning gasoline stove with the usual disastrous results, about 4.30 o'clock Saturday evening. Mrs. Groff's arm was severely burned by the fluid which became ignited, and the kitchen containing the stove narrowly escaped catching fire. The flames were extinguished before the fire department arrived, and medical aid was summoned for Mrs. Groff. The practice of filling lighted stoves is entirely too common, and it would be well for those who do so to profit by the lessons taught in such occurrences as the above.

—Jackson Taylor, who lives on Otter street, between Swain and Locust, had an altercation with his wife Mary, on Monday evening, and had recourse to blows to enforce his side of the argument. This was entirely too personal for Mary, who went at once to 'Squire Booz and swore out a warrant for her husband's arrest on the charge of assault and battery. The warrant was placed in officer Hines' hands, who soon had the wife-beater in charge. 'Squire Booz held Taylor in the sum of $300 bail for Court, John McOwen becoming his surety. The next morning, (Tuesday), Mrs. Taylor withdrew the charge, paid costs and settled the case. Later in the day one of the neighbors of the Taylor's, Mrs. Sarah Agnew, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Taylor, on charges of surety of the peace and being a common and public nuisance. This warrant was also given to officer Hines, who at once escorted his prisoner before the 'Squire, who, after hearing evidence from various neighbors of the woman which sustained the charge, held her in the sum of $300 bail for Court, Jackson Hibbs becoming her surety, and also put her under $200 bonds to keep the peace, which was furnished by John McOwen. Taylor is an ex-saloon keeper, of Philadelphia, who was refused a license two years ago, and has been dwelling in Bristol for nearly eighteen months.

—As the result of a jealous quarrel Mary Lynn, a onetime resident of Bristol, was killed by a dusky lover, William Scruby, in a small house on Humboldt street, Trenton, early last Sunday morning. The trouble arose from Scruby's jealousy of the attention Louis Frayne, another colored fellow, paid to the woman, as a result of which he followed the couple to Frayne's shanty and demanded admittance which was refused, whereupon he gained admittance by bursting in a rear door and attacked the woman with a chair, crushing her skull so badly that the brains protruded. Frayne, the woman's companion, escaped from the house when Scruby entered, and reported the occurrence to the police, who found the murderer at his dwelling near Darborston, N. J. The parties all lived in Bristol several years ago, and possessed unsavory reputations. Scruby's father at the present time lives at Taylorsville, Upper Makefield.

—A meeting to consider the establishment of a free reading-room for young men was called to meet last Monday evening, in the room over Nathan Tyler's store, on Mill street, near Radcliffe street, but not having been generally announced the attendance was too small for the transaction of any business, and the meeting was accordingly postponed until next Friday evening, 28th inst., at 7.45 o'clock at the same place. It is to be hoped the meeting will be largely attended by the citizens of the town as the establishment of a reading-room for young men is a most commendable step, one that will be productive of much good if properly managed. There are few towns as large as Bristol which do not possess such a place for the boys and young men to meet in the evenings and it is time one was opened here.

—The James B. Williams whose suicide at Wilmington, Del., last Friday evening, caused a rumor to start in Bristol to the effect that he was the John B. Williams, who at one time was coachman for Edgar Howell, proved to be an employee of the Interior Department at Washington, D. C., his identity being established by his brother, Henry F. Williams, of Chicago. The John Williams who lived in Bristol is in the United States army, and is stationed at West Point, N. Y., where he attends to the horses of the commanding officer at that post.

—The old machine shop at the corner of Dorrance street and the railroad, occupied by Edward Peirce as a storehouse, is being placed in condition for occupancy by Sherman & Peirce, who will tenant it until their mill is rebuilt.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Building and Loan Association was held on Tuesday evening. Five loans were sold at a monthly premium of 25 cents.

—Serrill Douglass is erecting a two-story addition to the rear of his property at the corner of Dorrance and Wood streets.

—The work of macadamizing Mulberry street was begun on Friday by a force of men and is progressing rapidly.

SPECIAL COUNCIL MEETING.

In obedience to a call issued by Burgess Fenimore, a special meeting of Council was called on Monday evening to consider questions arising from the condition of the steamer of Engine Company No. 1.

The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by Burgess Fenimore. Present, Messrs. Bell, DeGroot, Horn, Kelly, Lyden, Maule, Pierson, Scott, Spring, Sturmfels, Whitely, Wright, and Fenimore, Burgess.

Burgess Fenimore stated the object of the meeting to be to ascertain what means were at the disposal of Council to obtain a new boiler for the steamer of No. 1 Fire Co. which was worn out. It was stated that the repairs would cost between four and five hundred dollars, as it would be necessary to ship the apparatus to Seneca Falls, N. Y., for repairs.

Chairman Maule, of the Finance committee, announced that there probably would be about $200 unappropriated moneys in the treasury.

On motion of James Wright the matter was referred to the committee on Fire Protection in conjunction with the committee on Finance and Public Property to ascertain what amount of available funds not appropriated was in the treasury and to recommend at the next meeting of Council an appropriation to the fire committee sufficient to repair the steamer.

James Wright asked unanimous consent to take action in the matter of the appointment of a delinquent tax collector, which was granted. A motion was then passed instructing the Finance committee to present the name of a suitable person for delinquent tax collector with a suitable bond, at the next meeting of Council.

Being no further business Council adjourned.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Julia Slack is at Spring Lake.

Miss May Hibbs is visiting Ocean Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith are at Atlantic City.

Anthony Swain, Esq., is spending a few days at Spring Lake.

Miss Ella Carey and Miss Ollie Highland are at Atlantic City.

Miss Mary Clay, of Savannah, Ga., is the guest of Miss Nesbit.

Mrs. Stacy B. Pursell is visiting her sister Mrs. E. T. Worthington, at Newtown, Pa.

Mrs. Annie Chambers and Miss Madge Bailey, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs H. A. Bailey.

Miss Margaret Crawford, who has been visiting Mrs. John Bostwick, has returned to Annandale, N. Y.

Wm. B. Bowman, of Chestnut Hill, who has been spending several days in Bristol, returned home on Monday.

Misses Bessie and Sallie Nice, of Jenkintown, Pa., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Jones, Jr.

Charles Bartolette has returned home from a two weeks' tour to Scranton, Lambertville, Brooklyn and other towns.

Miss Lizzie Tomlinson and Miss Eugenie H. Highland are taking a three week's tour to Newport, R. I., Providence, Boston, Mass., Burlington, Vt. and Whitehall and Troy, N. Y.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Mr. Onerheisser, of Pottsville, Pa., will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday.

Rev. E. E. Burris, pastor of the Wood street M. E. church, will take for the subject of his sermon, on Sunday morning, "The Healing Waters." In the evening, his topic will be "The Staff Failing."

SOCIETY NOTES.

Two propositions were received by Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., last Thursday evening.

The Second Degree was conferred upon two candidates by Bristol Castle, No. 109, A. O. K. of the M. C., on Monday evening.

Keetoowah Tribe, No. 222, I. O. R. M., of Tullytown, will give a grand ball, in Red Men's hall, at that place, on Thursday evening, September 17.

Co. G., A. O. K. of the M. C., will participate in a parade to be held at Allentown, Pa., on Tuesday, September 8th, the occasion being the annual session of the Grand Castle of Pennsylvania.

Keetoowah Tribe, No. 222, I. O. R. M., of Tullytown, to the number of thirty, including chiefs, braves and warriors, took the trail for the wigwam of Mohican Tribe, of this place, on Monday evening, and were given a warm reception by the local Red Men. After the business was over a grand pow-wow was held, at which the visitors and their hosts aired their eloquence, after which an adjournment to the supper room was made where venison and fire-water regaled the tired warriors. The Haymaker's Degree was then worked upon one brave causing much amusement. It was long after midnight when Keetoowah Tribe started on the homeward trail, declaring that the twenty-fourth sleep of Sturgeon moon would long be remembered.

In response to a request to the various Castles of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in Bucks county, to send delegates to Doylestown, last Saturday, to make arrangements for the holding of a re-union of all the Castles throughout the county. The following assembled in the hall of St. Tammany Castle, Doylestown: J. S. Allen, Star of Liberty Castle, No. 83, of Newtown; A. R. Eidell, Quakertown Castle, No. 118; R. F. Hayes, Bridgeton Castle, No. 239; Thomas Stiatsman, Delaware Castle, No. 196, New Hope; A. H Levy, Trumbauersville Castle, No. 165, Milford; T. Ervin Harr, Maratina Castle, No. 285, Bedminster; Elwood Barnes, St. Tammany Castle, No. 173, Doylestown; William Dudbridge, Neshaminy Castle, No. 139, Jamison; Henry Gross, Danboro Castle, No. 187; F. Max. Gress, Wootton Castle, No. 234, Bristol, and D. G. C.'s, John D. James, of Doylestown, and Jacob F. Hill, of New Hope.

A permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers: Chairman, D. G. C., John D. James, of Doylestown; Secretary, F. Max. Gress, Wootton Castle, No. 234, of Bristol; Treasurer, Henry Gross, of Danboro Castle, No. 187. It was then decided to hold the re-union at Funk's Park, Chalfont, on Saturday, September 12th, and arrangements were at once made to insure the success of the re-union. The delegates were all enthusiastic in their approval of the enterprise and an unbounded good time is practically assured. There are fifteen Castles of the order located in Bucks county, as each will send its quota of members of the order, together with their friends, wives and sweethearts, a large number will be present. A band will discourse music during the day and there will be dancing in the afternoon and evening. Funk's Park, the place selected for holding the re-union, has since been inundated by the flood of Tuesday, and some change of the arrangements may be made necessary.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Bristol encounters the Gorhams today, and will have to put up good ball, as the dusky ball-tossers play a stiff game.

—

It is to be hoped that that there will not, in the future, be a recurrance of any difficulty such as occurred at Langhorne, last Thursday.

—

Fred Byers umpired the game between the Lambertville and Doylestown nines, at the county seat, last Thursday, and received much praise for the impartiality and accuracy of his decisions.

—

Knight has taken his base ball "kit" away from Bristol and will not play with our club any longer, being piqued at the adverse criticism received by him for his bad playing in the game with Riverton.

—

This speaks for itself: The Bristol club has many admirers in Langhorne, and in justice to the club the Standard must say that they proved themselves the most orderly, well conducted ball players that have ever visited these grounds.—Standard.

—

The Bristol club encountered its third straight defeat in last Thursday's game at Langhorne. Fredricks, the Bristol short-stop came in for the lion's share of praise, for the way he covered his position. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Fredricks, ss.	0	0	0	5	1
R. Coleman, lf.	3	0	1	0	0
Mahan, 3b.	1	1	1	2	0
McDonnell, 2b.	1	0	3	4	2
Potts, c.	0	0	4	2	0
Richert, 1b.	0	1	13	0	0
J. Coleman, p.	0	1	0	4	1
Landreth, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Gallagher, rf.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals,	5	3	24	17	4

LANGHORNE.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
G. LeCompte, lf.	0	1	4	0	0
Randall, cf.	1	1	0	0	1
C. LeCompte, 2b.	1	1	4	2	1
Spicer, ss.	1	1	1	3	1
Young, p.	2	2	1	1	0
Vandegrift, c.	1	1	6	0	0
Minster, 1b.	1	1	8	0	1
Hague, 3b.	1	2	2	2	0
Black, rf.	0	1	1	1	1
Totals,	8	11	27	9	5

INNINGS.

Bristol,	1 0 0 1 0 3 0 0 0—5
Langhorne,	2 0 0 5 1 0 0 0 x—8

In Saturday's game with the strong Terra Cotta club the Bristol boys retained their reputation, which was beginning to pale with a record of three straight defeats. The game was warmly contested and it was only by superior playing that the home club became victorious. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hoeding, 3b.	2	3	1	2	1
Fredericks, ss.	0	0	2	0	0
Mahan, rf.	1	1	1	0	0
McDonnell, 2b.	0	3	6	2	0
R. Coleman, lf.	1	1	2	0	1
Potts, c.	1	1	7	2	0
Richert, 1b.	0	1	6	0	0
Landreth, cf.	1	0	1	0	0
J. Coleman, p.	0	0	0	2	1
Totals,	6	10*	26	8	3

TERRA COTTA.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sultzberger, cf.	1	1	1	0	0
Walters, 2b.	0	0	1	5	2
J. Jordon, c	0	2	7	2	0
Russell, ss.	0	0	3	1	0
C. Jordon, p.	0	1	2	3	0
Sweeney, rf.	0	0	0	0	1
Miller, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0
Fass, lf.	0	0	2	0	0
Edwards, 1b.	1	2	11	0	0
Totals,	2	6	27	12	3

*Miller hit with batted ball.

INNINGS.

Bristol,	1 00 0 0 2 0 0 3—6
Terra Cotta,	0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Earned runs, Bristol 4. Two-base hits, McDonnell, R. Coleman, Potts. Sacrifice hits, Fredericks. Bases stolen Hoeding, Mahan, Landreth. Struck out by J. Coleman, 7, by C. Jordon 8. Left on bases, Bristol 9, Terra Cotta 8. Hit by pitched ball, R. Coleman. Double plays, Hoeding to McDonnell to Richert. Passed balls, Potts 1. Wild pitches, C. Jordon. Attendance 600. Time 1.52. Umpire Byers, of Bristol, and Sultzberger, of Phila.

—At Langhorne W. C. T. U. headquarters, on Sunday, August 30th, at 4 p. m., Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Boston, Mass., will speak. All are invited.

—On Wednesday morning Hon. George Ross and J. Ferdinand Long, attorneys for John McIlvaine, of this borough, entered suit in the Court of Common Pleas, for damages sustained in the accident at the Mill street crossing December 13th, 1890, whereby he was severely injured and his son killed.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Postoffice August 27, 1891: Mary Ann Adams, Mrs. Mary Boyer, James Fibbert, Miss Mamie Harrison, Mrs. C. E. Kinsley-2, Miss Emma M. Krewson, Harry Layton, F. H. Larzelere, sp. del. Miss Nellie McNeilson, Augustus Praul, W. Parsons, Howard Smith-2 Miss M. T. Sutton, Geo. Wells.

A meeting of the persons who are interested in starting a wheel factory in Doylestown, was held on Thursday evening, at which it was learned that $17,000 worth of stock has been subscribed for, thus practically assuring the success of the undertaking.

[Philadelphia Times, August 9th, 1891.]

LUXURIOUS TRAVELING.

The Pullman Palace Car Company's Latest Production for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

With the marvelous improvements of late days in interior architecture and elaborate finish of Pullman cars it requires the exceptional to attract more than passing notice and the extraordinary to draw forth comment. Some months ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company ordered from the Pullman works, for the equipment of the New York and Washington and Congressional Limited express trains, the very best representative work the Pullman Company was capable of creating regardless of expense, and the result is now seen in the new cars running this last week on these two magnificent solid vestibule trains, which connect in a few hours the nation's metropolis with her seat of government. What is surely of much more importance than the handsome exterior finish of these cars, over which even experienced travelers are enthusiastic, is the improved and heavy trucks on which the palaces are built. They have been, with the wheels and axles, subjected to the very highest test, even beyond the standard, which on the Pennsylvania Railroad is highest known, and at the end of their active journey came to a halt as cool almost as at the start. The designer here has also made a marked advance, and one promoting untold comfort, by arranging the connection of car body and truck so as to reduce to a minimum the swaying motion ordinarily felt when under full speed. The entire trains are connected by vestibules, fitted for steam heat and equipped with improved air-brake appliances, which practically stop the cars almost in their own length. The former equipment of these trains seemed impossible to be improved upon, yet their perfection of design and finish demonstrates the capacities of this modern age for wonderful and radical changes. The exterior appearance, aside from the drawing room angled bay-windows, is identical with the regulation Pullman in color and design, and it is not until advancing through the vestibule that the revelation of what Americans have grown to expect in taking their few hundred miles jaunts is made manifest, as illustrated by these luxuriously finished palaces on wheels. The upholstery of the comfortable, revolving easy chairs and sofas, affording seating accommodations for thirty-four persons in each car, is of a white, imported mohair cloth, worked with figured silk embossing. The flooring is covered with a rich, heavy Turkish carpeting, whose color blends harmoniously with the furnishings, even to the adjustable ottoman, ready for foot service at the front of each chair. Upon entering the aisle-way it is noticeably wider than in other Pullman cars, and the woodwork is polished ash, stained. A perfect effect is produced in the hand-carved entrances from the drawing-rooms into the main car body, as it arches to a centre in a miniature dome, where scroll work, leaded glass, brass designs and heavy plate mirrors lend an exceptionally rich finish. At the windows hang a dual set of curtains, one a light cream to neutralize the light and shade the eyes, and back a heavy set of some rich brown stuff, embroidered and tasseled. The ceilings are hand-decorations, not elaborate nor overworked, but very artistic, while every cornice or where one might expect the sharp edge is some dainty bit of relief wood-carving. The receptable racks as well as the chandelier lamps are made of oxidized silver, the latter being of very unique pattern and shedding the softest si very light on the interior decorations.

The drawing-rooms are perhaps the latest innovation in car construction; one is closed to the top of the ceiling, above the average standing height, with heavy plate-glass, beveled and paneled, while the other is open, and its occupants screened from the passengers in the body of the car by rich sliding curtains suspended on brass rods, running possibly two feet higher than the frame wood-work, and supported at the carved corners by thin newel posts of curiously twisted brass.

These compartments, accommodating six each, have a direct connection by door with the lavatory and toilet rooms, two spacious apartments well ventilated and lighted. The lavatory basin is made of heavy nickel, and every appointment in the way of necessary toilet articles is in its respective rack of twisted brass.

The wood-work above each chair in the main car is carved with laurel wreaths, suspended by the gracefully flowing strings, all most exquisitely carved by hand.

The entire arrangement suggest more a salon of Louis XIV.'s time than a regular passenger express train of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These cars, added to the deservedly popular dining car service of the Washington Limited and Congressional Limited Express trains, render these trains absolutely peerless for day use.

Good and Reliable.

A good and reliable family medicine is Sulphur Bitters. Every Spring for six years I have been troubled with boils. Since I began using Sulphur Bitters, I have not had a single one. You can rely on Sulphur Bitters every time.—Editor Weekly News.

MARRIED.

BROWN—MUSCHERT.—On August 26, 1891, at the residence of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Watson, of Bristol, by Rev. J. S. Cook, Prof. N. Thomas Brown, of Millport, Ohio, to Miss Mary R., daughter of Mr. R. Muschert, of Penn's Manor, Pa.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

$20,000 is a heap of money. Yet that amount will be distributed among competitors at the Mount Holly Fair, September 14 to 18.

Charles Gosline, an aged canal employee, who lived near New Hope, was assaulted and robbed by an unknown negro, about six o'clock last Friday evening. The cowardly assailant stunned the old man by hitting him in the head with a large stone, inflicting injuries which are expected to prove fatal. The thief only obtained three dollars as the reward of his murderous work. A party of men are searching for the negro and if they find him he will be roughly handled.

The Directors of the Poor of Bucks county, held their regular monthly meeting, at their office, in Doylestown, on Tuesday, August 25. The members were all present. Bills were passed amounting to $1,075.65. Steward Price reported sales amounting to $206.52.

Present number of inmates, 111; since last meeting 9 were admitted; 2 eloped and 2 were discharged. The bill of the Northampton county poor directors for $121.10 was passed, for maintaining Charles Schœnhen and family and family during last winter. Mr. Schœnhen removed from Bucks to Northampton, but before he was entitled to the support of Northampton county, met with misfortunes and consequently the bill became a charge to Bucks county.

*Some people are constantly troubled with boils—no sooner does one heal than another makes its appearance. A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best of blood purifiers, effectually puts an end to this annoyance. We recommend a trial.

Two Genuine Harvest Excursions

Will be run from Chicago, Milwaukee, and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, to points in Western Minnesota, North-western Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates on August 25 and September 29, 1891.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address WM. KELLY, Jr., Trav. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. Ry., 16 So. Broad St., Philadelphia, or GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

MURDERED.

The body of Julius Baer was found by freighters five miles of here Tuesday morn, in a terribly mangled condition. His head and face were smashed, so as to be hardly recognized, and numerous wounds were found on his body. Mr. Baer was agent for the great blood medicine, Sulphur Bitters. Robbery was undoubtedly the motive, as he was well known to have a large sum of money on his person. As we go to press there is no clue to the perpetrators.—Colorado Press.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE.

The Northern Pacific Wonderland embraces a list of attractions simply unequalled.

The Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis at the head of navigation on the Mississippi Duluth, Ashland and the Superiors at the head of Lake Superior, to the westward the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, the Red River Valley wheat fields, Valley of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley, Helena and Butte, Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley, Clarks Fork of the Columbia, Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alene, Spokane City and Falls, Palouse, Walla Walla, Big Bend and Yakima agricultural districts, Mt. Tacoma and the Cascade Mountains, Tacoma, Seattle Puyallup Valley, Snoqualmie Falls, Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Portland and the Willamette Valley, Grays Harbor and City Willapa Harbor and City of South Bend, Victoria on Vancouvers Island, Alaska on the north and California on the south.

The Northern Pacific runs two daily express trains with Dining Car and complete Pullman service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Helena and Butte with Through Tourist and Vestibuled Pullman Sleepers from and to Chicago via the Wisconsin Central, and first class through sleeping car service in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Passengers from the east leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon, will make close connections with the morning train out of St. Paul at 9 a.m. the following day; leaving Chicago at night, connection will be made with Train No. 1 out of St. Paul 4.15 the next afternoon.

Yellowstone Park Season, June 1st to October 1st.

District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time tables, etc., or application can be made to Chas S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska—just out.

☞If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

Will Fight to a Finish.

A long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall paper Co., of No. 12 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their ten, twelve and fifteen-cent gilts.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K Young.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

Miscellaneous

FOUND.

A PAIR OF EYE-GLASSES. OWNER can have the same by calling at the residence of WILLIAM V. LEECH, Jefferson Ave.

LAST NOTICE. BOROUGH TAXES!

The Treasurer of Bristol borough hereby gives notice that all borough taxes remaining unpaid after September 15th, 1891, will be placed in the hands of the Collector for collection, with costs added. Taxes can now be paid at his place of business, corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets.

JAMES WRIGHT,
Borough Treasurer.

Friends' School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

The School will re-open TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

Primary, Middle & Advanced Classes.

For Circulars address,

ANNA W. CABEEN.

SHERMAN & PEIRCE

wish to inform the Public that notwithstanding the fire they are prepared to furnish Lumber, Shingles, etc., as usual, and at as early a date as possible, will rebuild and resume business in all departments.

Do you want any Printing?

THE attention of the public is directed to the fact that the Job Department of the GAZETTE office is better equipped in all the material that is needed to do excellent printing, than any other office in Bristol, or for that matter, any other establishment in lower Bucks County.

If so, come to us!

IN THE first place it contains the largest assortment of Job Types, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes and other requisite machinery which perform the work in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

For good work!

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety.

THE mechanical department is in charge of George R. Sherman, an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

For quick work!

WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class. ***Our prices are the Lowest. Full count on all jobs guranteed. Liberal discount on large orders.

The Gazette office, Bristol, Pa.

Why Don't You Try

Capital Tonic Bitters? It improves digestion, gives refreshing sleep and a good appetite. Strengthens the whole system.

Capital Tonic Bitters.

Nothing more is claimed for Capital Tonic Bitters than it will itself substantiate. There being no remedy of equal merit made. It has cured others

It Will Cure You.

Prepared by J. R. CHEESMAN, Burlington, N. J.

Sold by JOHN K. YOUNG, Bath Street.

WANTED—Are you looking for a position in the West? We have vacancies for office work, store clerks, farm hands, and other positions too numerous to mention. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, W. E. Payne & Co., employment agents, 1001 Union avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

To Rent.

HOUSE NO. 24 GARDEN STREET, IN good condition; $7 50 per month.

Apply to J. T. THORNE, 33 Market St., Bristol.

AT THE GREAT

MT. HOLLY FAIR

SEPTEMBER 14 to 18.

EVERYTHING TO SEE! SCIENCE, ART, AGRICULTURE. INSTRUCTION, AMUSEMENT, THE CHOICEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE LAND.

$20,000 IN PRIZES.

Valuable Special Premiums for Ladies.
Special Prizes for Drawings by School Children.
Low Excursion.
Send for the most desirable Premium List ever published by the Society.

Miscellaneous

Wednesday, Sept. 2 & 9.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

No charge is made to determine if your eyesight may be improved or headache relieved, by wearing properly adjusted glasses. I guarantee every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory and expect to win your approval by the skilful and accurate manner in which we give you improved and comfortable vision.

HOUSEWORTH, OF PHILA.,

Specialist on the Eye,

will be at the store from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., on

Sept. 2nd and 9th, 1891,

B. C. FOSTER, Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Corner Mill and Wood Sts.

☞Particular attention given to Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home by practical workmen, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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Opposite W. P. Wright's Hardware Store, where he will have on hand at all times a supply of

FISH AND CLAMS,

Which he will sell at Lowest Cash Prices. He has Blue Fish, Spanish Mackerel, Fresh Cod, Sea Bass, Flounder, Haddock, Sea Trout, Porgies, other fresh and salt water fish in season. Crabs and Lobsters, and other shell fish furnished to order at short notice. Call on him.

FOR SALE.

A FIRST-RATE 2-HORSE POWER and Thresher, nearly new, made by Dickey, Newtown, Pa.

JESSE JAMES,
Trevose, Bucks County, Pa.

An Ordinance

DEFINING THE DUTIES OF THE TREASURER OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL WITH REGARD TO THE DEPOSIT AND DISBURSEMENT OF FUNDS AND THE CARE OF APPROPRIATIONS, AND PROVIDING FOR THE GIVING OF A BOND BY THE SAID TREASURER.

SECTION 1. The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain, That from and after the passage of this ordinance it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol to deposit all funds received from any source whatever, in the Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County, or in such other depository as the Burgess and Council of the said Borough may hereafter designate, in the name of whoever may be Treasurer for the time being, as "Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol."

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Borough Treasurer to keep in a book provided for the purpose, separate accounts of all the appropriations made by Council and he shall enter to the debit of said accounts the various orders drawn against the several appropriations when the same are presented for payment, and no order shall be accepted or paid by the Treasurer unless it states upon its face the appropriation to which it is to be charged. The Treasurer shall furnish a statement of the condition of the appropriations to the chairman of the respective committees of Council whenever requested so to do, and he shall also present to the stated meetings of Council in October and March of each year, a full account of receipts and expenditures verified by the

NEVER GIVE UP.

As you journey through life
(And the road isn't wide)
There's much to upset you,
And jar you aside.

But you don't want to weaken—
Gain courage instead,
Keep working and fighting
And beaming ahead.

Any calling or trade
That you once enter in,
Then you want to hang on
Like original sin.

If you like to climb up
Where the gold apples grow,
Catch hold of the ladder
And never let go.

Though thwarted and bothered
And troubled and vexed,
Let us keep up our courage
And stick to our text.

Let us cling to our hope
And hang onto our plan
Like starving, grim death
To a dead colored man.

—J. B. Smiley.

DOCKRELL'S DEPARTURE.

Whatever else Dockerell intended to do it was evident that he did not mean to go. Mrs. Rashley began to be alarmed. She had asked him down, to be sure, without specifying the exact day he was to leave; but now the last guest had made the last pretty speech, and the dogcart containing a lingering sportsman and his belongings was disappearing down the drive, and yet, by a blazing fire in the cozy study, she knew that at that moment Willoughby Dockrell was unfolding the morning papers and lighting a cigar, with that complacent smile which irritated her so much when she was not in the mood for it. And she was by no means in the mood for it today. It was not only that a fresh set of people were to arrive tomorrow, most of whom would by no means share her enthusiasm for the poet who was now stretched at his ease in her favorite armchair, but that the party invited for the next few days was to include a faithful and somewhat stolid admirer, Major Champion.

Now, Mrs. Rashleigh was not one of the order of women who are unhappy if they have not a second lover to play off on the first. Under such circumstances, she opined, both were apt to be fretful and unamusing. Mrs. Rashleigh, to be sure, had been a widow for exactly five years, so that it may be inferred that she knew something of the other sex. Young, cheerful and well off, without being pretty, she was distinctly attractive, and, having the social instinct her place in Blankshire was nearly always full. In London she was inclined to affect the "smart intellectual set," and she liked to be credited with ideas and opinions. Ideas and opinions were, perhaps, rather scarce in the circles in which Mrs. Rashleigh usually moved. It was probably this which had made her seek the society of Dockrell, for the man, at any rate, had brains. But there were questions which she could not help asking herself in her present unsteady frame of mind.

Apart from a volume of poems which had made a certain stir, who and what was he? Nobody seemed quite to know, least of all in the rather fashionable set into which he had effected an entrance. He had a clean cut face, plausible manners and a pretty talent for giving the talk a neat and epigrammatic turn; while it was certain that he had lived in Paris, in Rome and in New York, and that he knew everybody a little and nobody well. If men, too, instinctively disliked him, it was notorious that for most women he had an irresistible attraction, so that one was apt to meet Willoughby Dockrell more frequently in inner drawing rooms than in the more breezy mental atmosphere of the clubs. But though Mrs. Rashleigh was fond of having long discussions with her literary admirer, it by no means followed that she intended to continue those discussions for life, and during the last day or two Dockrell had assumed an all conquering air which was distasteful to her. It is always awkward for a hostess to have to tell a guest to go, and Mrs. Rashleigh racked her brains for an expedient as the hall door closed to on the last member of the party and she thoughtfully crossed the hall.

"Well, I shall have to tell Jack all about it when he comes tomorrow," she said to herself at last, with that little sigh of relief which a woman gives when she has determined to transfer her troubles to shoulders broader than her own.

And meanwhile Willoughby Dockrell, having finished a second cigar, was meditating on his plan of campaign. For nearly thirty hours he would have his charming hostess to himself, for the young sister who was there to play propriety hardly counted, and he would surely be able to get her to drive or to ride alone with him that very afternoon. Thirty hours, he told himself, alone in a country house with a woman who obviously likes you is worth thirty months of afternoon calls and dinner conversations in London.

He glanced around the room. How delightful it all was—so cozy, so old fashioned, with the air of having been always just like that. The leather bindings of the books were worn and mellowed; the gilt of the picture frames was a little dim with age. A Romney and a Gainsborough—portraits of departed Rashleighs—gazed down on him from either side of the fireplace. A grandniece with dilettante tastes, who had made the "grand tour," had brought back that Canova from Rome. Generations of gentlefolks had lived and read and chatted in that room. At his age, and with his tastes, it was all just what appealed to him most—the sense of security, of rest, of long unchanging years. Willoughby Dockrell had been of late a frequent guest in English country houses, but no home that he had entered had appealed to him quite so intimately as this. A man of forty-five, who has lived in most of the capitals of civilization, generally turns at last to some such haven. At forty-five the boulevards of Paris, the clubs of London and the balls of New York may begin to pall.

At that uncertain age, when he is neither old nor young, he had begun to think that a man wanted a home, a position and a wife. Now, all these things, he thought, were well within his reach. There were no children; the place was hers for her lifetime, after which it would go to a distant cousin. As to that unpleasant affair in America—well, it all happened fifteen years ago, and New York is a long way from London, even if London is tolerably near New York. Only one man in England knew anything about the story of those bonds, and that man he was certain not to meet in a small country house. And then Mrs. Rashleigh had said nothing in her note of invitation as to the length of his stay; indeed, it had been a word or two only. Dockrell took the note out of his pocket and read it with a curiously satisfied smile.

"Can't you come and see me in the country?" it ran, and the fact of there being no beginning was an important one in the eyes of such a student of femininity as Willoughby Dockrell. "I shall have some nice people staying with me at the beginning of the month. Could you come on the 3d? We shall be able to discuss—Bourget—and lots of things! Ever sincerely yours,
LETTY RASHLEIGH."

Well, he had come on the 3d, and here he meant to stay—to stay until he had made himself master of the situation.

But the day dragged on, and he had never found himself alone with his hostess. The young sister—a girl of sixteen, with red hands and a stolid stare—was present at lunch, went out with them in the wagonette and faced him at the dinner table, and not long after dinner Mrs. Rashleigh retired to bed. The next day it was not much better, but early in the afternoon he did find her alone. Willoughby Dockrell was too much of a diplomatist to show his hand before he saw what his adversary was likely to play, but still the time was short, his opportunities few, while the advent of a fresh batch of visitors might spoil the game completely. At the end of quarter of an hour's talk Mrs. Rashleigh began to feel uncomfortable, and more than ever was she resolved to tell Major Champion the whole story directly he arrived. She got away and shut herself up in her room until the first batch of new guests were announced.

"What in heaven's name is that fellow doing down here?" was Champion's first question, when he found himself at last alone with his hostess before dressing. She was silent for a moment, but she did not pretend not to know what he meant.

"Well, you see, he goes everywhere; he's very clever and a sort of celebrity in his way, and—I wish I hadn't asked him!"

"So do I," said Champion, fervently.

"But it's not only his coming that's the matter," said Letty, incoherently; "but I'm sure he means to stay. He will never, never go."

"Oh, yes he will. He'll go to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Jack, I can't have it. I won't have a row in this house. Why the newspapers will get hold of it and—I shall never forgive you if you do anything horrid."

"I'm not going to do anything horrid. I shall just mention in the smoking room tonight that Jobson, the editor of The Evening Telephone, is coming down here tomorrow for a day or two."

"But, my dear Jack, Jobson isn't coming! I don't even know him. How on earth will that help us?"

"Wait and see. If the thing works, I'll tell you all about it. You're a ridiculous little person, you know, and utterly unfit to take care of yourself. You'd much better let"——

"There's the dressing bell, Jack. You're getting impossible. I shall send you away tomorrow too."

And when the same evening, as the ladies were going to their rooms, Mrs. Rashleigh saw Jack Champion walking off with Dockrell in the direction of the smoking room, she felt a pang of compunction at the innocent plot she had assented to in order to get rid of her brilliant guest.

There were lots of letters by the morning post, which came in while they were at breakfast, not only one for Willoughby Dockrell. He let it lie by his plate for some minutes, and then, asking permission of his hostess with his rather over elaborate manner, he slowly broke the seal.

"What a bore!" he said presently, when he had laid down the note and deliberately resumed his breakfast. "I shall have to go to town this morning by an early train. Some bothering business which I can't get out of."

Miss Rashleigh dares not look at Champion, whose triumph now was complete. Both had seen that Mr Willoughby Dockrell's letter was wallet shaped, adorned with a silver monogram, and addressed in a bold feminine hand. The "business," then, was a myth. And yet, womanlike, she felt almost guilty when the dogcart was at the door and the last goodbys were being said. Dockrell, who for once looked red and flustered, seemed to avoid speaking to her alone She murmured something about having the pleasure of seeing him down there on some future occasion. And yet, as they looked straight at each other with the final hand shake, Letty knew that in all probability she would never see him again.

"What does it all mean?" said Mrs. Rashleigh sternly, a few minutes later. It was in the sanctum and there was no one there but Jack. It was a mere title, but it struck her that Major Champion did not lounge in her favorite chair, but stood tentatively at the fireplace, playing nervously with some tin bronze cats clashing cymbals, which she had brought from Vienna.

"The magic name of Jobson worked the miracle," said Champion, smiling. "Jobson knows something about your post which makes it—well, inconvenient for them to meet. I told you he would go. Although the man has never been convicted, there's no moral doubt that he's—well, a forger."

"Great heavens!" murmured Letty, as she thought of the intimate little notes she had written him, of the long confidential talks in London, of the still more compromising interviews down here. And here was Jack, who, whatever his faults, had clearly never committed a forgery, but whom she had always snubbed! Mrs. Rashleigh crossed the room to his side.

"How can I ever thank you?" she whispered, gazing at the half moons on his necktie.

"Give me your hand."

Letty gave it, wonderingly, and he held it firmly in his strong grasp.

"I am going to keep it for always," announced Champion gravely

"What rubbish you talk, Jack!" whispered the owner of the hand. But she did not take it away.—London World.

The Heart a Pumping Engine.

The mechanism of circulation and respiration as well as secretion must be complete. In the circulation of the blood the heart corresponds to the pumping engine of a water system, forcing the life fluid to the remote parts of the body, where, passing through the hairlike tubes called capillaries, such substances carried by the current as are needed for repairing the various tissues are absorbed, and the stream, taking up the waste tissues of each part, proceeds through the veins back to the heart.

This is the general circulation; there are two subsidiary, but no less important, circulatory systems—that relating to the liver and that relating to the kidneys.—New York Times.

Bank of England Notes.

The stock of paid notes in the Bank of England, for five years, is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is rather less than that of Hyde park; their original value was over £1,750,626,600 and their weight over ninety and two-thirds tons.—St Louis Republic.

A ROMANCE OF THE DESERT.

Married His Friend at the Other End of the Wire When He Found He Was She.

Telegraph operators frequently make warm friends with each other with no other means of communication than the insensate wire, and more than once friendships thus made have lasted for years without either person having had so much as a glimpse of the other's features. It is not often, however, that a courtship is carried on under such circumstances, but a pretty little romance comes from the desert which had for its sequel the recent registration at a prominent hotel of "J. J. Stansbury and wife, Jackson Springs, Cal." The story is repeated by the hero himself.

"About a year and a half ago," said he, "I was a railroad agent and telegraph operator at a little station down on the desert side of Yuma. The station consisted of nothing more than a big water tank, a shed for myself and another for a small crew of trackmen. There for nearly a year I put in the loneliest and the hottest time that I ever passed in my life. The thermometer had a way of monkeying around between 100 degs. and 150 degs. above zero on most days, and almost my only pleasure was found in talking over the wires with the operators at various stations along the line.

"I had never seen the operator at Banning at that time, but he was a cheerful, jolly sort of fellow, and as time also hung heavily upon his hands, we passed many a pleasant hour in conversation over the wires. We had sort of half arranged to get a vacation together, and there was a good deal of joyful anticipation—on my part at least—of the manner in which we should pass it. We were to go into the mountains and spend two or three weeks in hunting, fishing, etc. All of our plans were arranged in those scorching and lonely days, and we usually agreed in our ideas of the preparations, although there was occasionally a little difference of opinion.

"I remember, for instance, that he said he was going to take along a pair of rubber boots for trout fishing, while I asked him, 'What's the matter with your taking off your shoes and stockings and rolling up your pants?' But he said he preferred boots. As the time drew near, however, he, for some reason that I could not understand, packed squarely out of the enterprize, much to my disgust.

"Finally he told me one day that he was going to New Mexico to pass his vacation, and we anticipated considerable pleasure in meeting each other during the train's brief stop at my station. But I did not meet him at all, for when the train that bore him arrived I was sick and unconscious with a burning fever, the result of my long stay under the torrid sun.

"Into the fever tortured brain there sometimes creeps a semiconsciousness of the life about it, and so during the days of my agony I was vaguely aware of gentle, womanly hands and a kindly feminine presence in my sickroom, and when I returned to the conscious world I was not surprised to find a fair and pleasant face beside me. She said that she had been upon the train when I was found stricken down, and had staid to minister to my sore need. The idea may seem preposterous, but I believe the foundation of my affection for my kind attendant had been laid while the unconsciousness of fever was still upon me, and the affection grew into the deepest love as she cared for me during the days of my convalescence.

"After a time I ventured to tell her of my love and to ask her if she would be mine, but I was not prepared for her answer.

"'John,' she said, 'do you really mean that you wish to marry a girl that insists upon wearing rubber boots and will not—roll?'——

"'Mat!' I said, for I was completely beaten. Then it flashed upon me. She was the operator at Banning, and I, like a fool, had always taken it for granted that she was a man.

"Well, I am not going to tell how I convinced her that I wanted to marry her, boots and all, but I did it, and, like Barkis, she was willin, and here we are on our wedding journey. The Southern Pacific has lost an operator, but I calculate that I am ahead on the deal."—Los Angeles Herald.

Against Her Will.

Almost every one knows the distress occasioned by a sudden tendency to cry at a time when one wishes to appear particularly unmoved and even stoical.

Marjorie never cries when any little mishap befalls her, and has been known to sustain, without shedding a tear, severe bumps that have rapidly acquired a black and blue aspect. But the other day, Araminta, her dearly beloved and tenderly cherished doll, fell into the open grate, and received a contusion of the nose which was most unpleasant to contemplate.

Marjorie winked very hard for a few minutes, and then, running with her injured Araminta to her mother, she buried her head in her mother's lap, sobbing, "Oh, mamma, I don't want to cry, but my tears have all come unfastened!"—Youth's Companion.

An Eye on All.

You may have seen the old man, for he haunts Central park every fair day and prowls about with apparently one object. Whenever he sees a man, woman or child breaking any of the park commission's rules he cautions them.

"Don't go on the grass," he will say to a child who happens to wander from the pathway.

"Get outer there!" he will shout at a young fellow he sees lounging beneath a shady tree. If not obeyed he shakes a heavy bent wood stick threateningly and moves on mumbling.

It is said that the old man has constituted himself a protector of the park and is doing a good work that every citizen ought to do. Yet everybody declares that he is crazy.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Risky Experiment.

The revised census of Great Britain quotes London proper, i. e., the corporate city, with 4,200,000 inhabitants; London and suburbs with 5,850,000. The average yearly increase since 1880 would fill a fair sized town, and the next twenty years will witness many curious results of the attempt to crowd the population of a kingdom into the space of a county. In certain respects centralization has its undeniable advantages, emphasized by improved methods of rapid transit, but modified by the shadow of the dire possibilities apt to result if an epidemic in that monster metropolis should be favored by a sultry summer or a conflagration by a sudden gale.—Philadelphia Times.

For domestic uses sadiron holders are now made of asbestos. With them the grasp of the iron, however hot it may be, never causes pain or burning. There are also made large holders, intended for use by smelters, molders and workers in metal generally.

How to Tell Whether Bathing is Injurious.

A person can easily determine with one indulgence whether or not open air bathing is hurtful to him. If circulation is speedily restored after he has left the water; if his skin is well reddened, and he is soon well warmed up and as strong and "lively" as when he took his first plunge, then he may properly assume that his bath has done him good. If, on on the other hand, his skin continues cold and clammy for fifteen or twenty minutes, notwithstanding the brisk rubbing he gives himself, and for an hour or more afterward he is weak, dull and languid, then he may be tolerably certain that there is something wrong with him which forbids cold bathing.—Boston Herald.

The Brave Hodcarrier.

A hodcarrier was badly crushed, in New York, by the fall of a scaffolding while he was at work on a tall building. His fellows picked him up and bore him, bleeding and dusty, to a shady spot to wait for the ambulance. People were being prostrated by the heat all over the city, and the ambulances had been on the run all day. After about half an hour's suspense, a doctor, who was passing, was called over. He knelt down by the man, felt his crushed-in side, and examined his fractured skull. Then he shook his head and asked softly, "Has he any friends among you?" "None of us knows him, sir," said the foreman. "Well, if any of you can get any information from him about his people, you'd better do so at once. Nothing can save him. It's only a question of a few hours."

Brandy was procured and seemed to revive him, and he opened his eyes and looked around, but to all questions as to his name, his home, his parents, his wife, his children, etc., he gave no answer. "Well, old man," said the foreman at last, tenderly, "we can't do nothing at all for you, the doctor says, though you know we would if we could. The day is wearing on and our job must be finished. The ambulance will soon be here, so you won't take it hard if we leave you now, will you?"

The hodcarrier looked up at him slowly and spoke with a great effort. "I've got to die, eh?" "Doctor says so." "How soon?" "Before sundown, my boy." "No help for it?" "No." "Well," with a long sigh, "you go on with your work and I'll go on with my dyin," and he turned his head—shut his eyes—and—waited.—Exchange.

Comments on the Country.

A troop of little ones came back from a fortnight at Glen Falls. I gathered a lot of these children about me, and asked them what they had seen and done.

"I seen a cow," shrills one little girl instantly. "Cows has horns, and lets down milk, and hooks you when your hair is the same color as hers."

"Pooh!" says the handsome Italian boy back of her, who had come as a listener—"pooh! they don't neither."

The girl turns a look of calm scorn upon him. "I seen the cows, and you didn't," she responds; and the boy feels the force of the argument from experience and retires.

They talk breathlessly and with eager enthusiasm, not only those who are just home, with their experiences fresh upon them, but those who have to go back a year or two for what they tell. It is wonderful how sharply and clearly the details are preserved.

"Wot de country is like is dis," says a small red haired Irish boy, spreading his arms while the look of one who wishes to give an accurate and careful impression comes into his sunburned, freckled face; "dere's de whole worl an it's green, an dey ain't no houses, an you kin hear a mile w'en you holler, 'cause it's so still. An all de streets is dirt an soft, an de birds sings, an dere's cherries on the trees."

A pastoral, surely, that you and I might wish to have written in so few words and with so true a touch!

GATHER ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting
The sooner will his race be run—
The nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may go marry,
For having lost but once your prime
You may forever tarry.

—R. Herrick.

The Care of the Hair.

The best hairdressers tell us that it is quite an easy matter to wash the hair too often and thereby destroy the vital oils essential to its growth. The use of bay rum or any stimulants, or of borax or alkalis of any kind, is condemned by some of the authorities. One of the best things for washing the hair is the white of an egg, which is especially nourishing on account of the albumen which it contains. It should be rubbed thoroughly through every part of the hair and rinsed out with tepid water. It will require repeated rinsing before the water runs clear, but not until then is the process thoroughly accomplished.

When applying the white of the egg rub it in with the tips of the fingers, touching every part of the scalp, and continue this vigorous manipulation of the scalp for several minutes. Where any soap is used the best quality of white castile is alone allowable. Some hair is so naturally dry and free from oil that a little pure vaseline should be applied after it is washed and dried. Other hair possesses enough natural oil in itself and does not require any such addition. Where the hair has become dead or does not grow vigorously, a preparation of rum and quinine or some of the various tonics of quinine sold by trustworthy hairdressers will be found valuable.

There is an excellent one which has in it a portion of oil of neroli or the essential oil of bitter oranges as a component part. This gives a refreshing fragrance and is possessed of valuable tonic qualities. The hair should be clipped monthly. This assists the growth materially and stimulates it.—New York Tribune.

A Believer in Small Fees.

Cyrus W. Field thinks a fee should be in exact proportion to the services rendered. A friend of his tells the following story: "I was riding with Mr. Field and he stopped at a wayside trough to give his horse a drink. I was about to jump out and loosen the neck rein when Mr. Field beckoned to a ragged boy, who ran up and performed the service, replacing the rein when the horse had slaked his thirst.

Then Mr. Field took off one of his gloves and brought out a handful of loose change, which he extended to me. "Will you pick out three pennies, if you please?" he asked. "I never give more than that for a small service. I think the reckless way of throwing ten cents and a quarter to poor boys is harmful, as it leads them to expect more than their work is worth, and they do not value what they earn so easily. A penny for such a service would pay the boy; then why should I give him such a large sum?"—New York Recorder.

Story of a Contented Girl.

This story is told of an eastern king. He wanted a wife, but he wanted one with a contented disposition. He had been told that a complaining woman was anything but a joy in the household, and he sought to avoid marrying any such. He set out on a journey through his kingdom, and traveled far before he found the object of his search. Finally he met a humble peasant's daughter who was said to be a woman entirely contented with her surroundings.

The king assured himself that she had no complaint whatever to make concerning her lot in life, and at once proposed to make her his bride, when she replied, "I am sorry to have to refuse the king my hand, but since I am contented with my present lot in life I will not consent to change it." And the king was compelled to find some one a trifle less content.—Chicago Herald.

Real Life in Dead Letter Parcels.

Snakes are but a few among the many dangerous things that reach the department in dead letter packages. Live centipedes and tarantulas, horned toads and Gila monsters contribute to this lost freight. Small alligators from Florida not infrequently turn up. Among other gruesome objects similarly received not long ago was a human ear inclosed in a letter, perchance by some ruffian who had made it his trophy; also the scalp of an Indian woman with long black hair, and a grinning skull which a Philadelphia physician refused to receive because letter rates were charged upon it.—Washington Letter.

The Work of the Liver.

From the amount of food directly absorbed the veins of the stomach and small intestines are especially rich in products which make muscles and nerves. From all this region the blood, collected by a special system of veins, is carried to the largest gland of the animal body—the liver. This organ performs various functions, such as secreting bile and sugar, and some that are not well understood. The blood from the liver, including this special current, and also that which supplies the tissues of the liver, is all returned directly to the heart.—New York Times.

Rebuked.

Mrs. Fitz Percy de Monmbagge—Doctor, can you tell what is the matter with my husband?

The Family M. D.—I fear, madam, that he is threatened with a low fever.

Mrs. F. P. de M.—Impossible, doctor. A Fitz Percy might have a high fever, but a low one—never!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

By a novel device heavy guns can now be aimed and fired with the greatest accuracy, without exposing the gunners and without their even seeing the object to be fired at. The principle used is that of so training the gun as to cause the object to be fired at to be reflected upon a screen at the rear of the gun.

In South America grows the Bussu palm, which supplies a fibrous spathe that, when taken off entire, is a ready made bag, strong and durable. The Indian keeps in one of these bags red paint for his toilet and silk cotton for his arrows. Another bag he stretches out into a seemless cap for his head.

A knowledge that she has been nobly loved has saved many a woman from the temptations of ignoble love. It is the weakest natures, spurred by the impulse of the moment, that do the most desperate acts. In some dispositions it is the wish, in others the fear, that is the father of the thought.

For simple hoarseness take a fresh egg, beat it and thicken with pulverized sugar. Eat freely of it and the hoarseness will soon be greatly relieved.

For Bilious Attacks
heartburn,
sick headache,
and all disorders of
the stomach, liver,
and bowels,
Ayer's Cathartic Pills
are the
safest, surest,
and most popular
medicine for
family use.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
Lowell, Mass.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D.D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

SULPHUR BITTERS
THE GREAT
German Remedy.
TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

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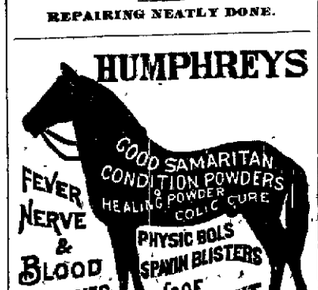

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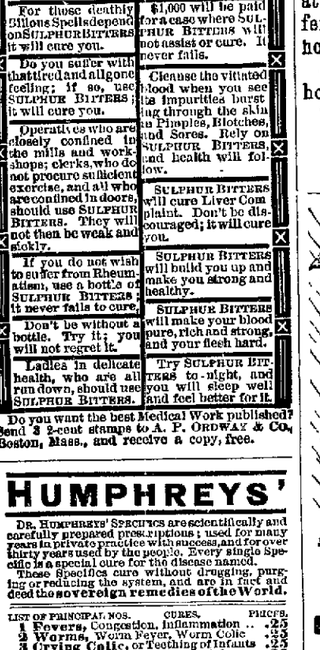

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